

DELL

MARCH-MAY

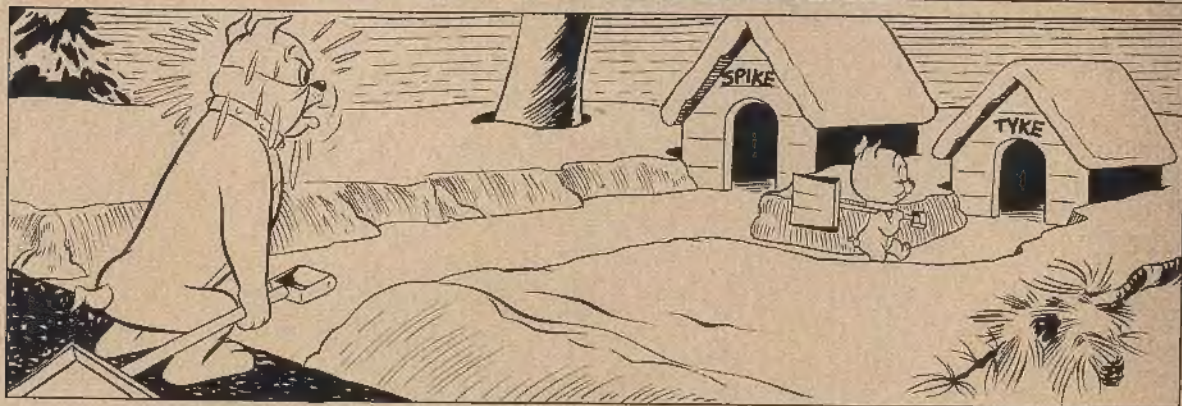
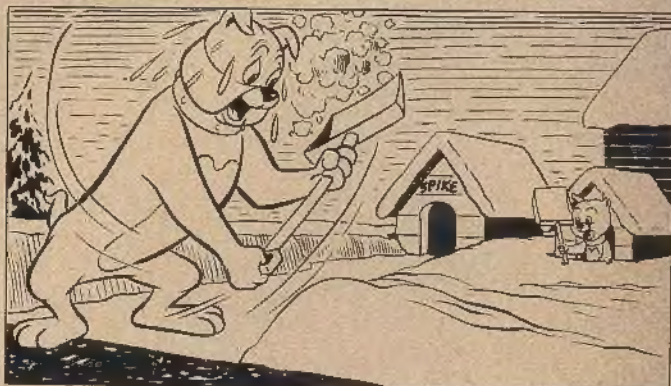
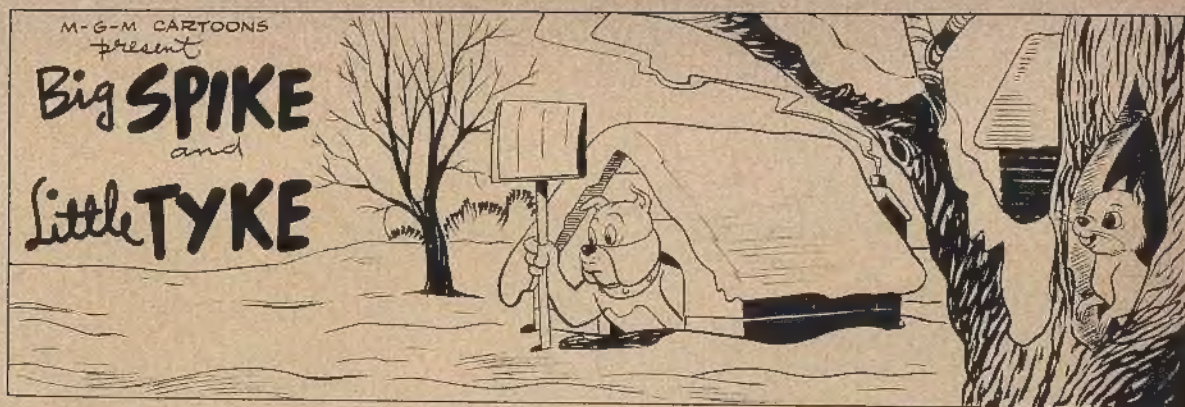
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M.G.M.'S

# Spike and Tyke







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M-G-M CARTOONS  
*presents*

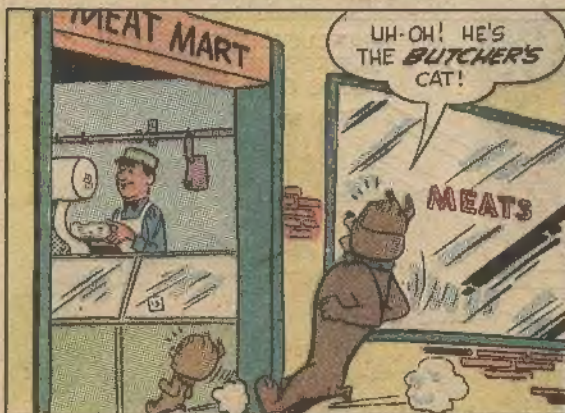
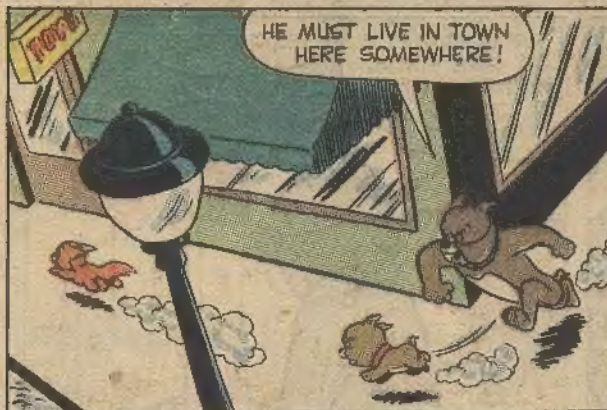
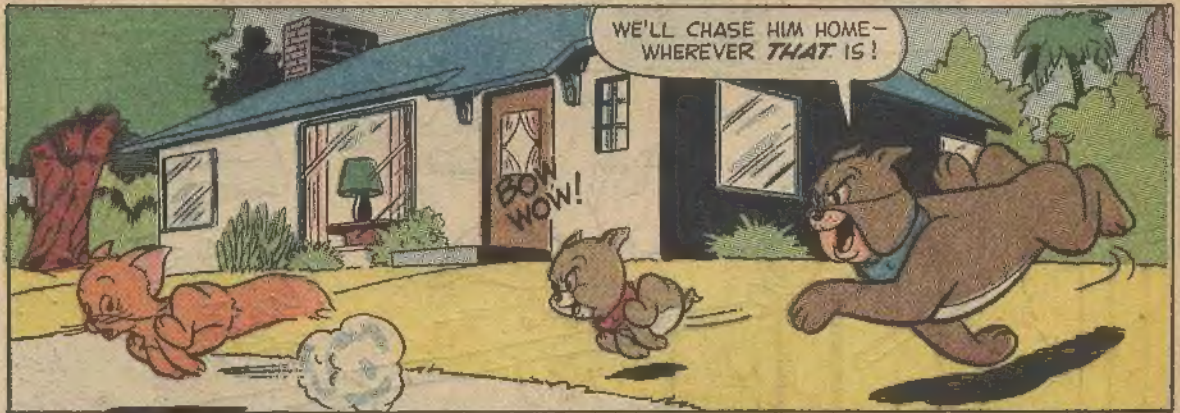
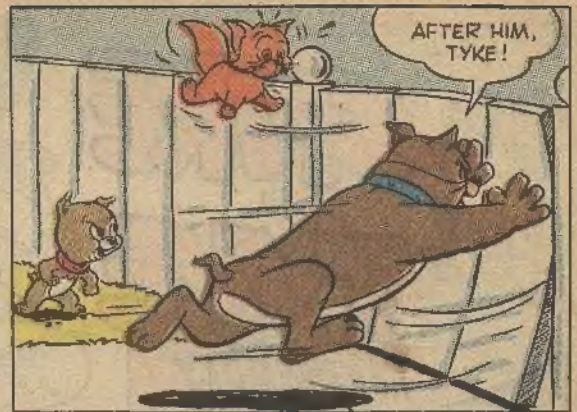
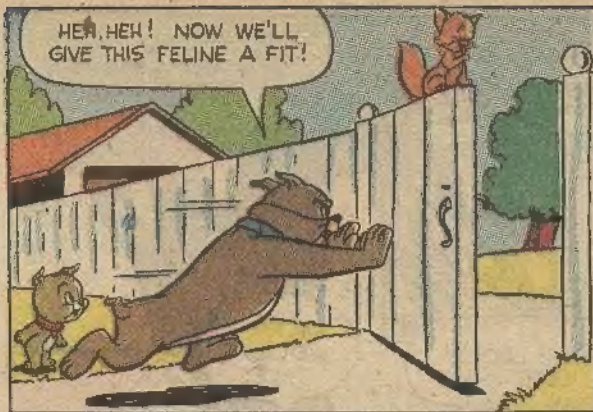
# Big **SPIKE** and Little **TYKE**

*in* **FRIENDLY  
FOOLERY**

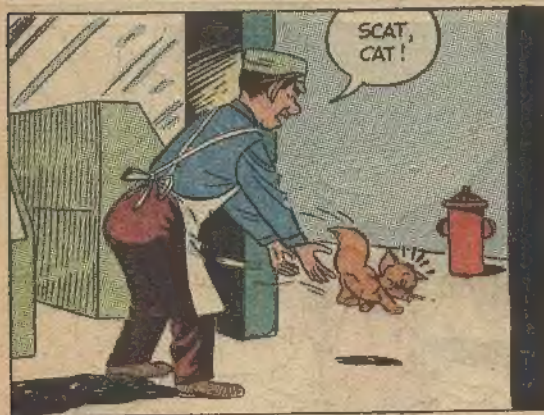
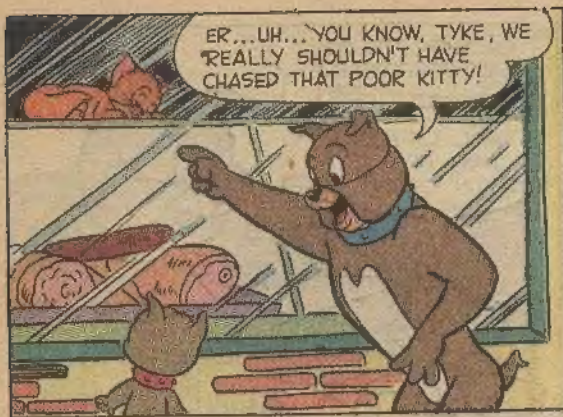


**DELL COMICS ARE GOOD COMICS**

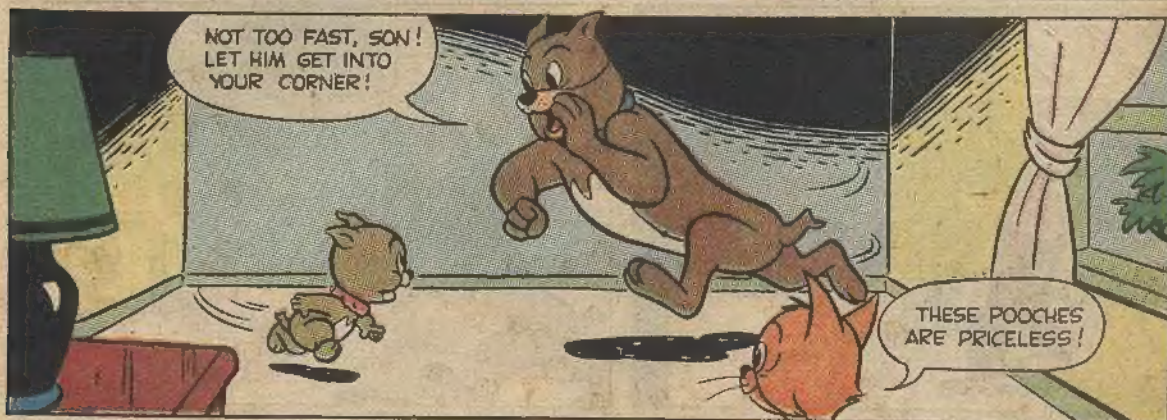




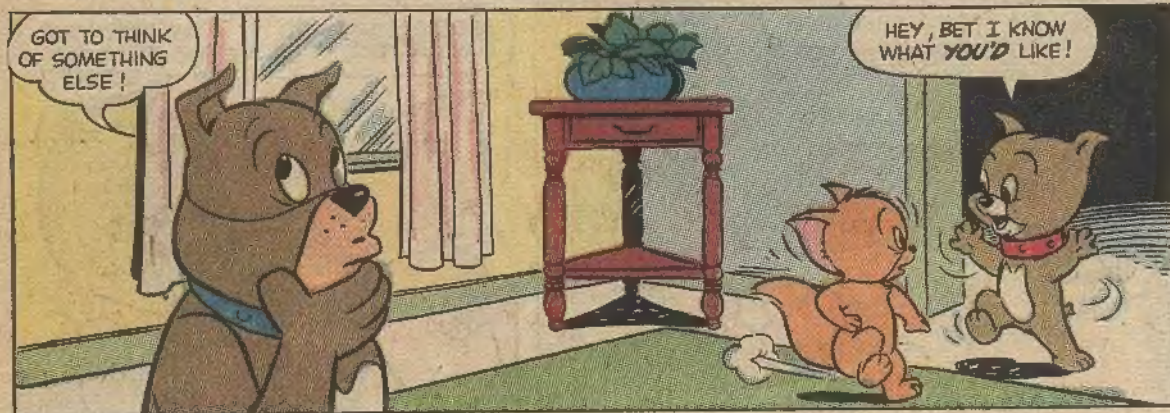




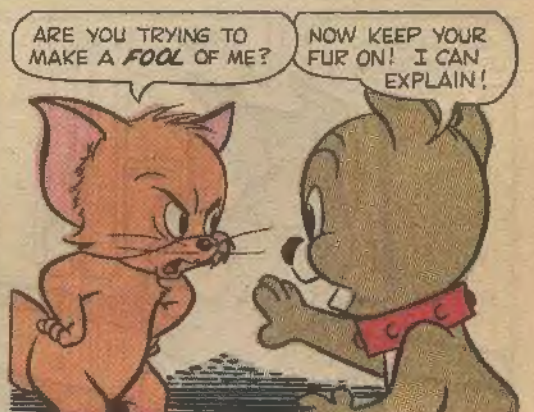
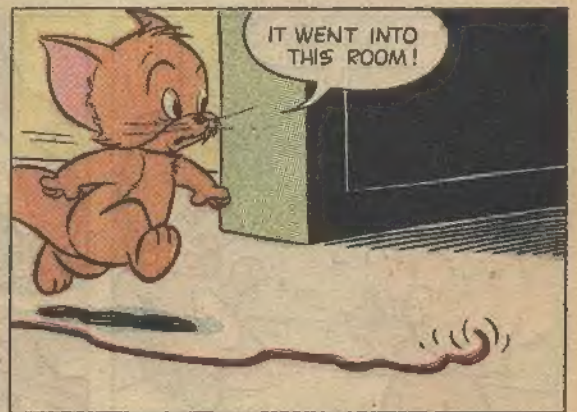
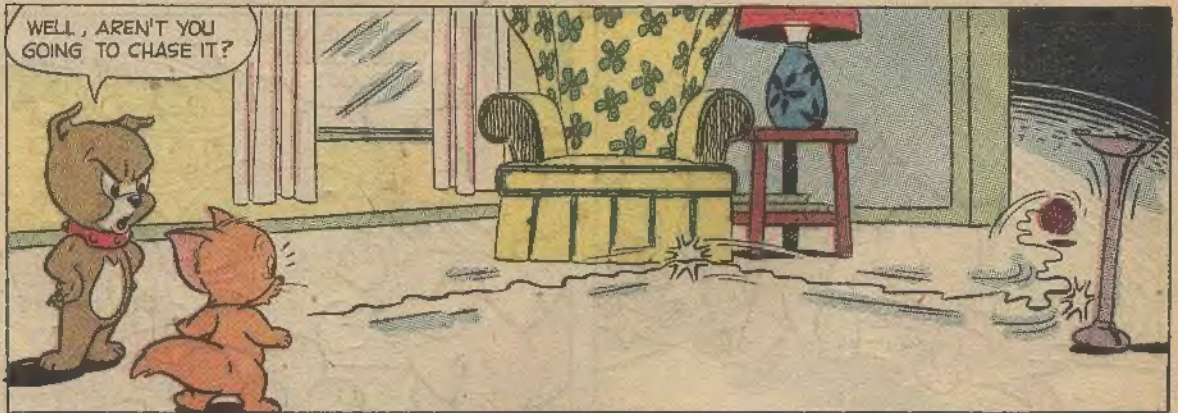




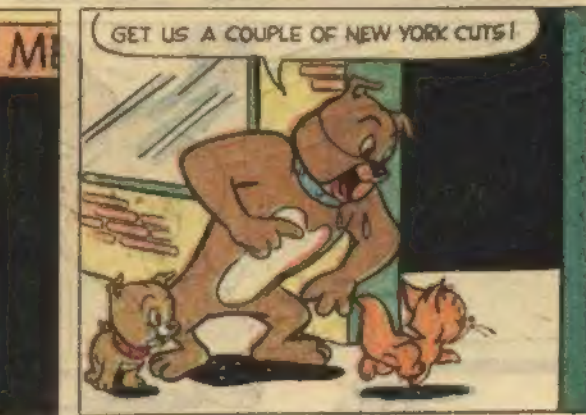




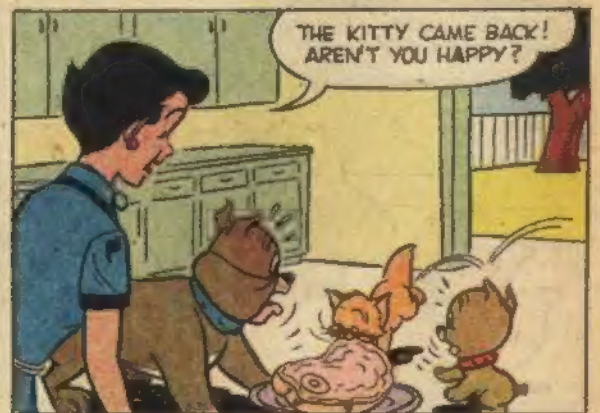
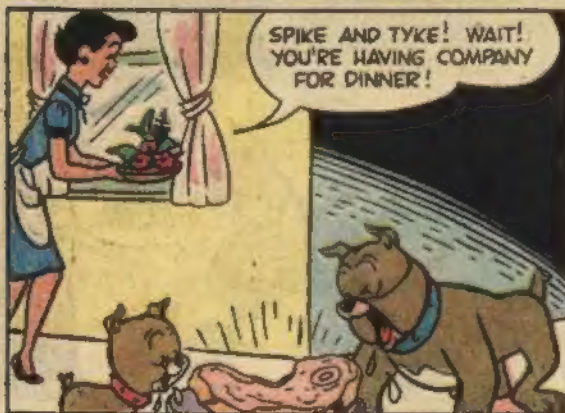














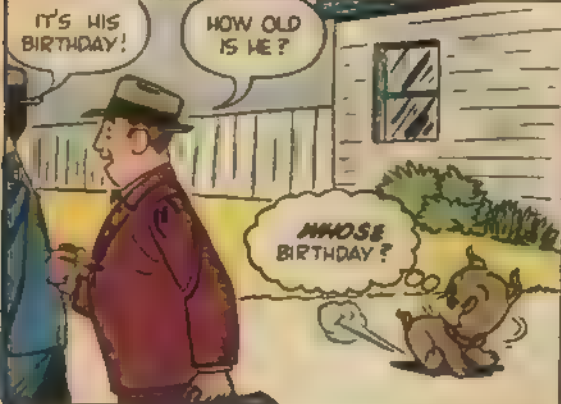
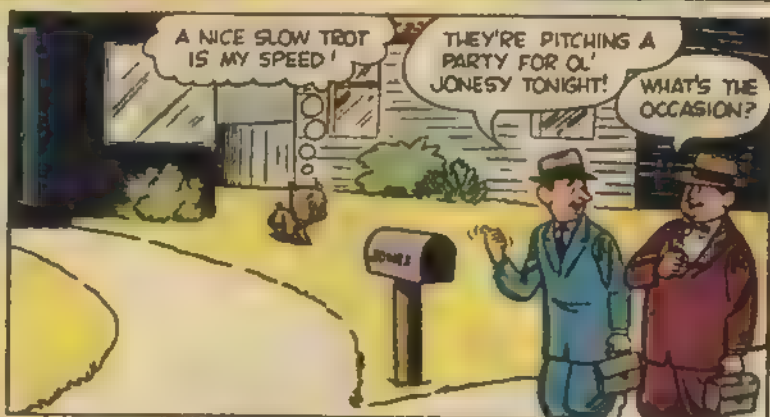
M-G-M CARTOONS  
*presents*

# Big SPIKE and Little TYKE

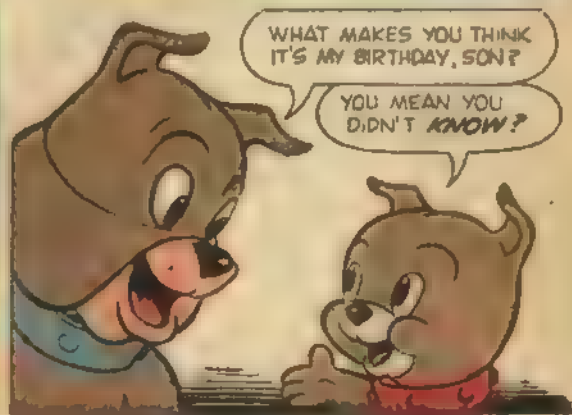
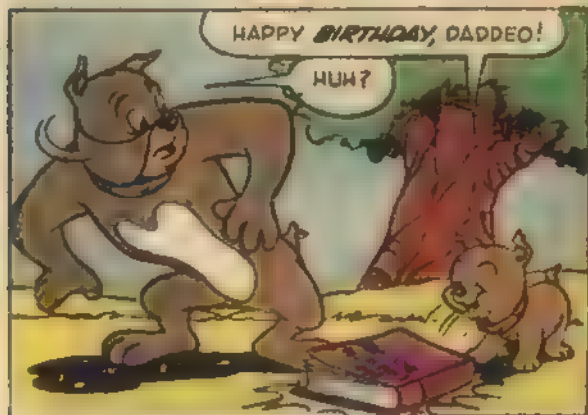
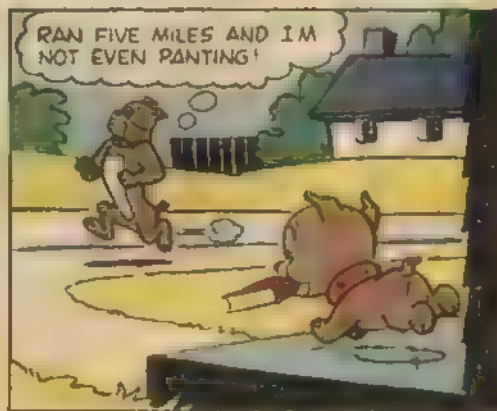
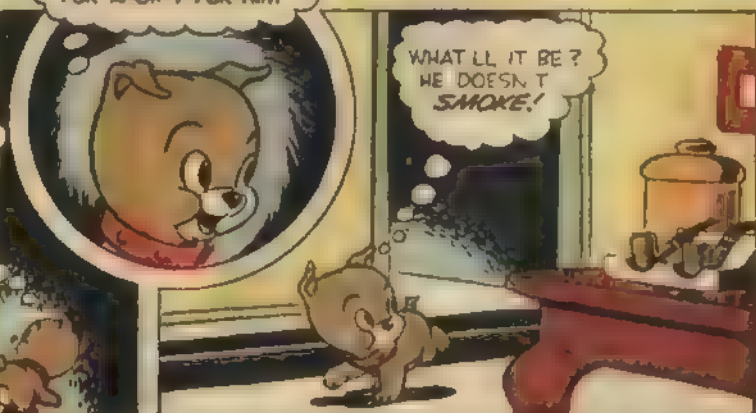
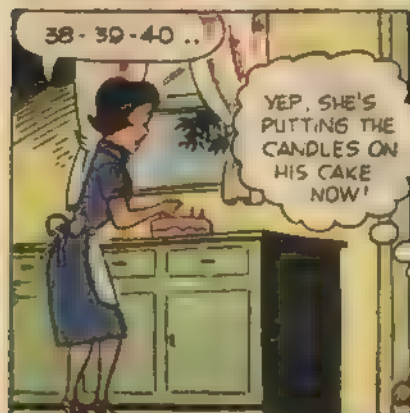
in  
**BIRTHDAY BLUES**



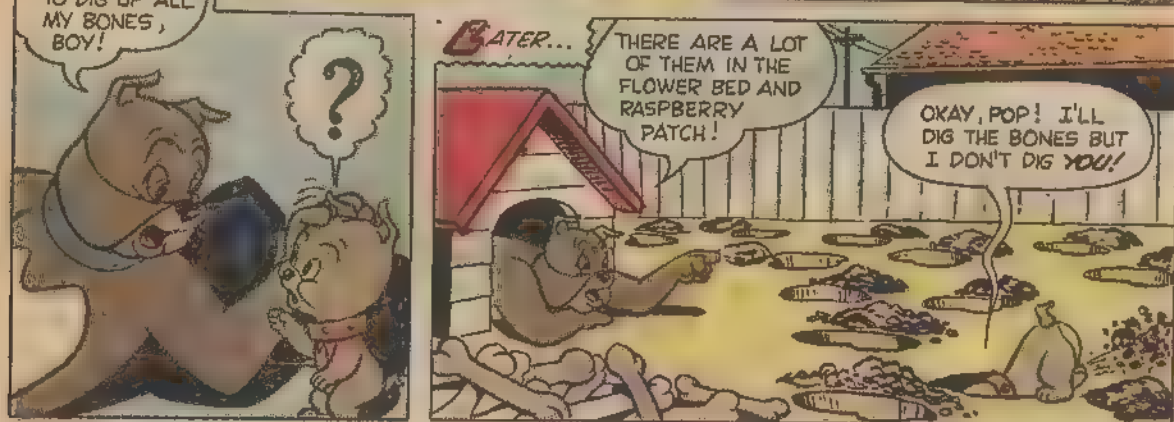
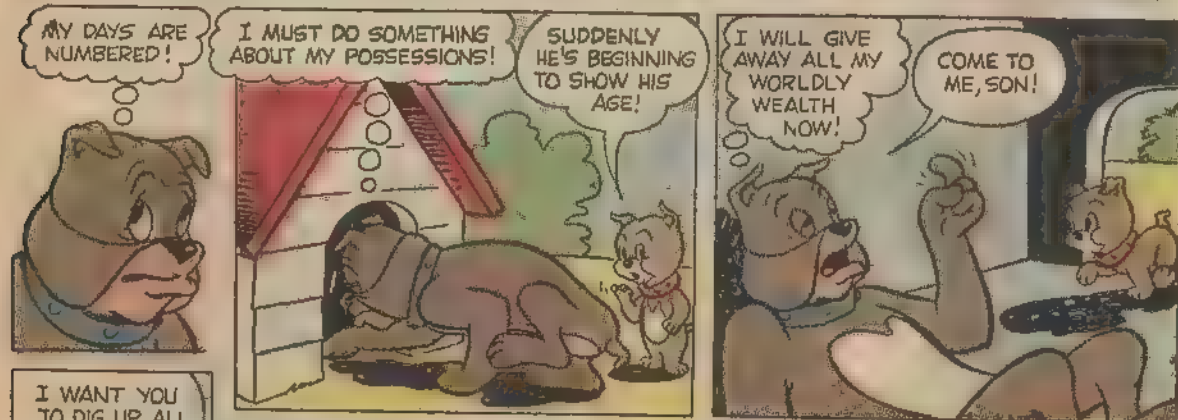
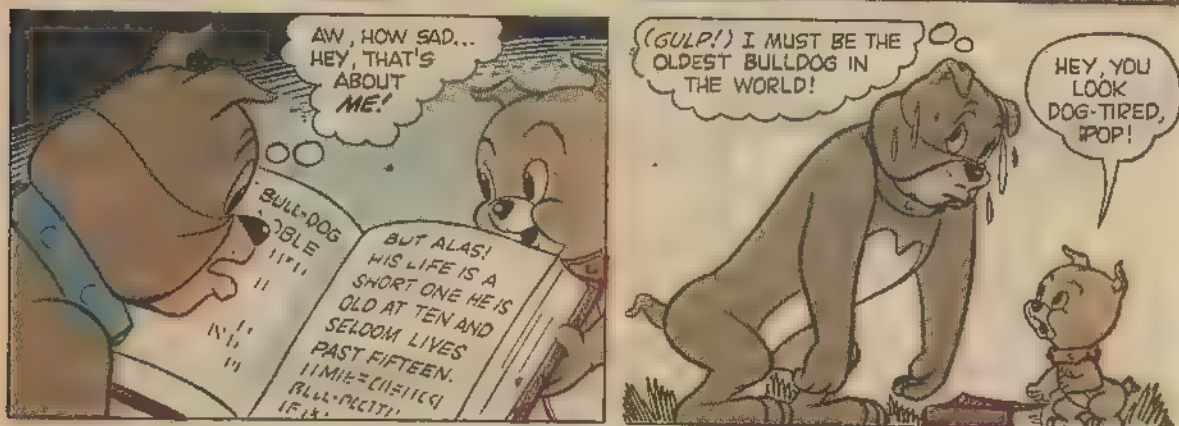
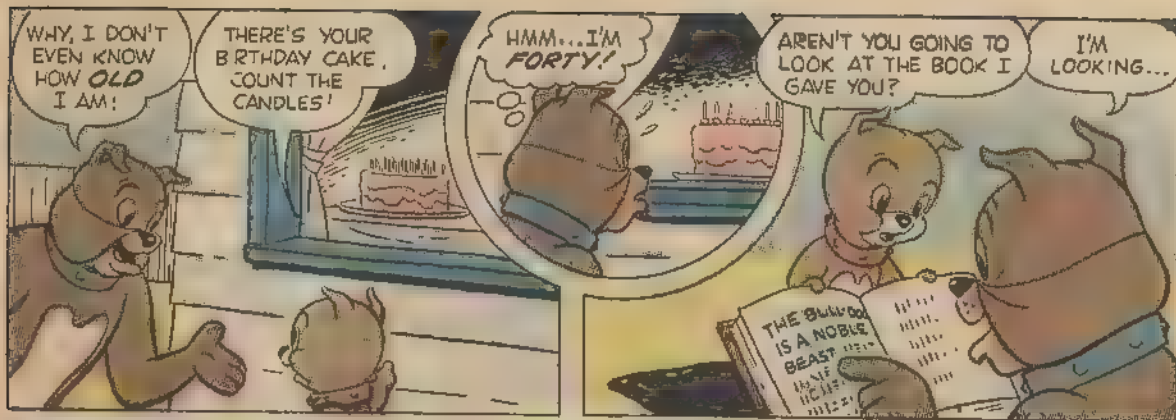
I CAN'T KEEP UP WITH HIM!



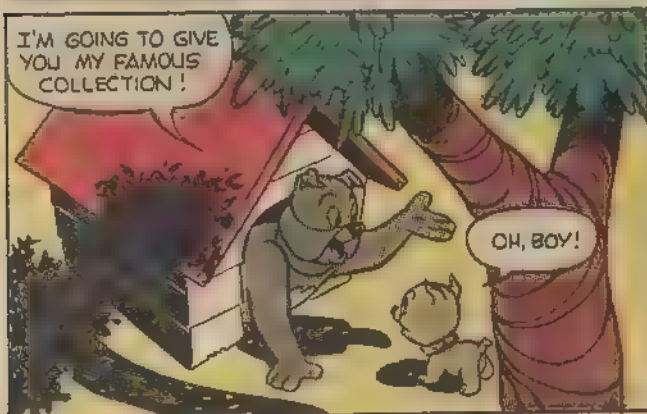
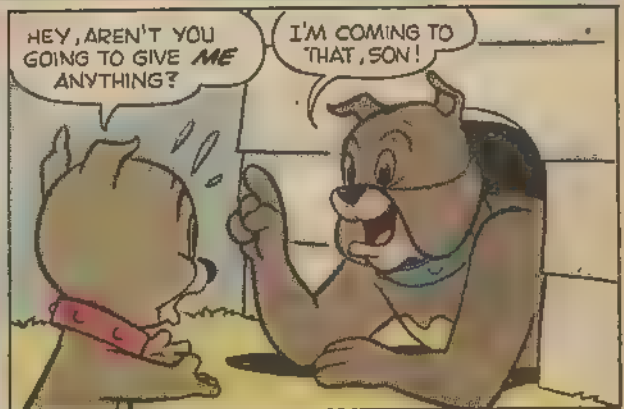
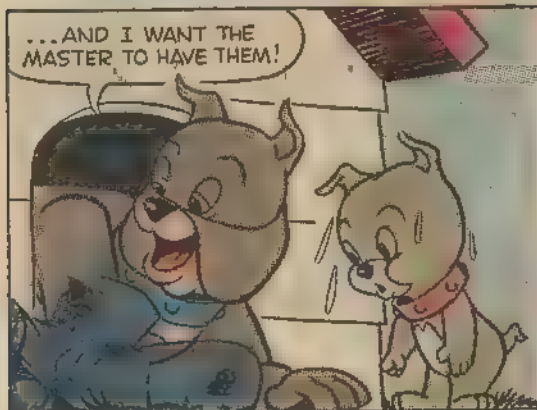
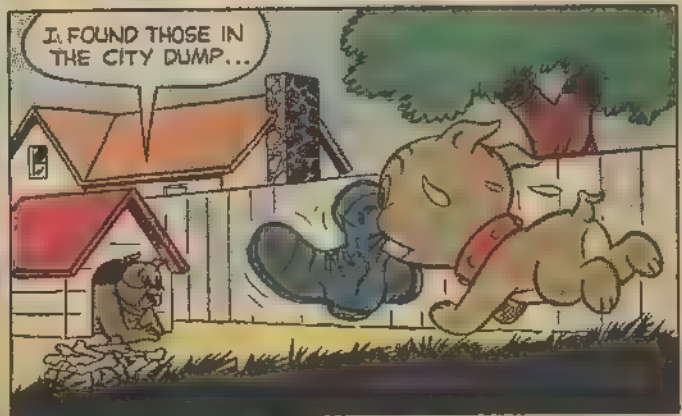
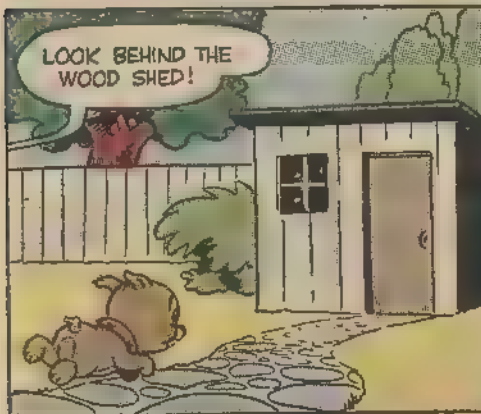
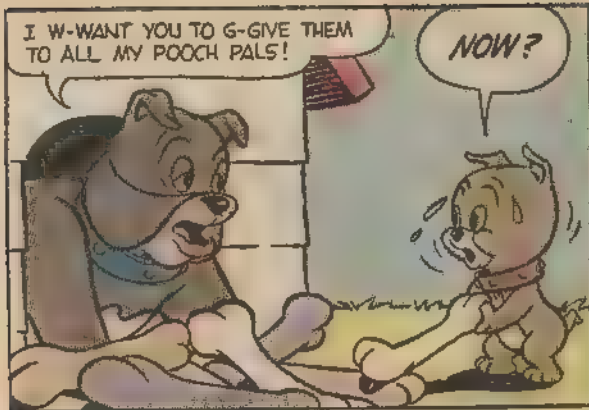




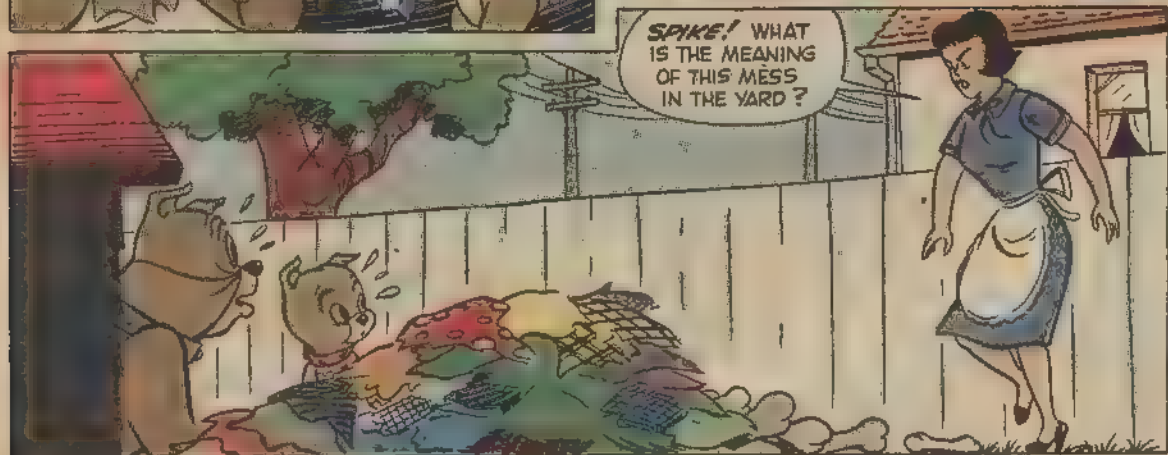
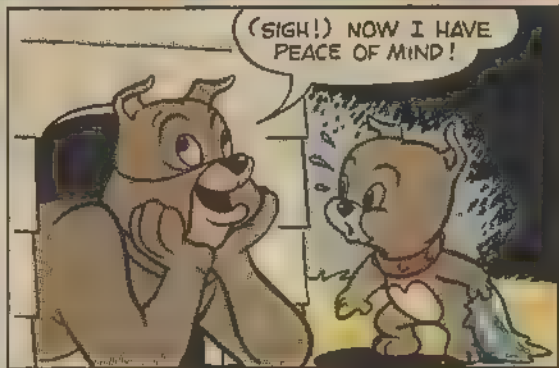
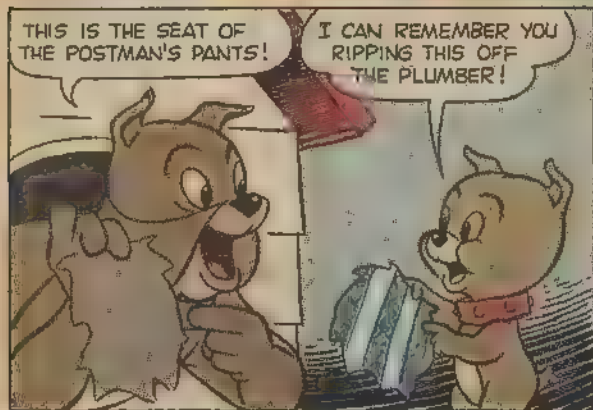
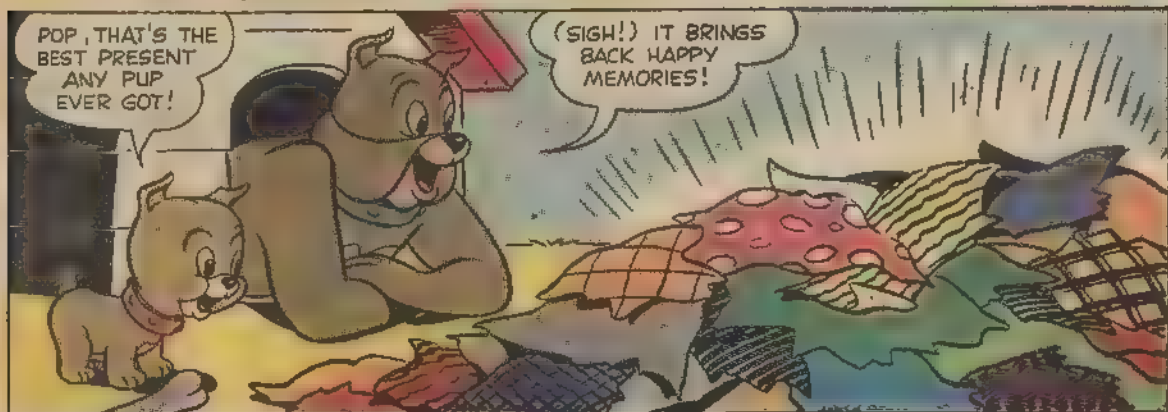
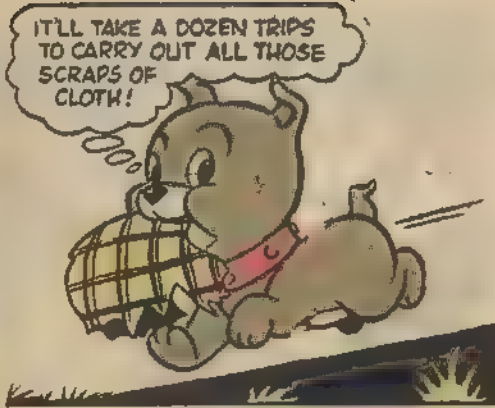




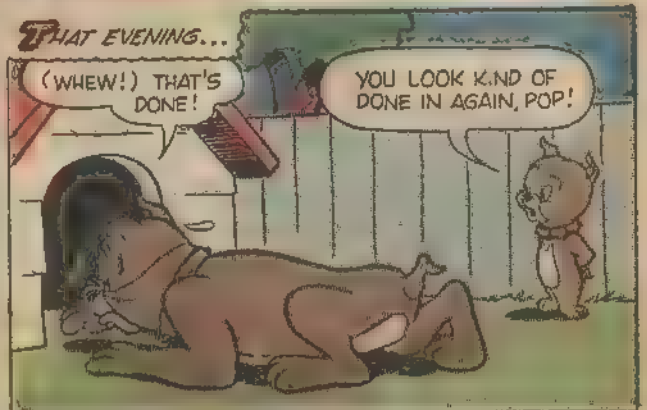
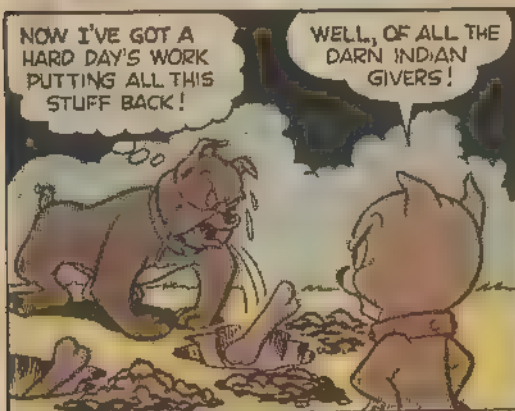
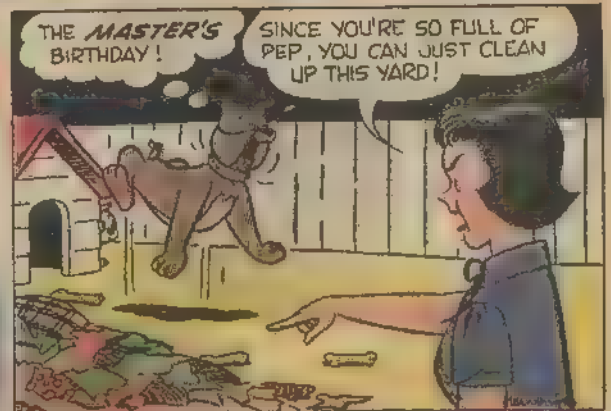
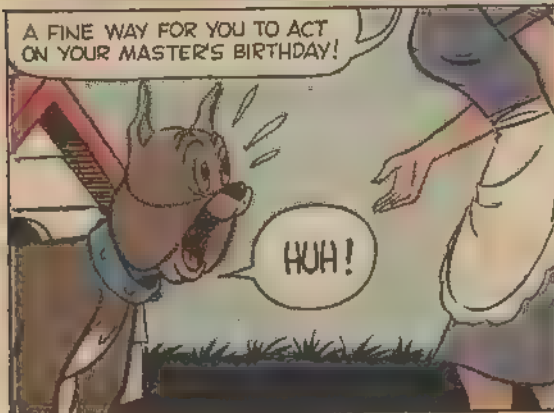
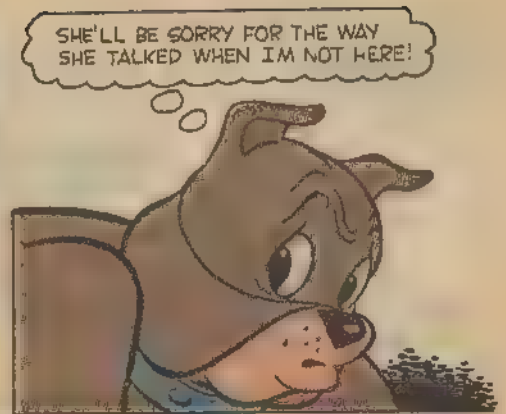
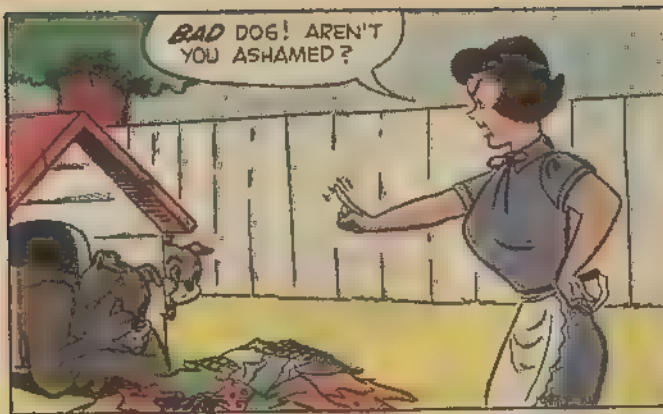








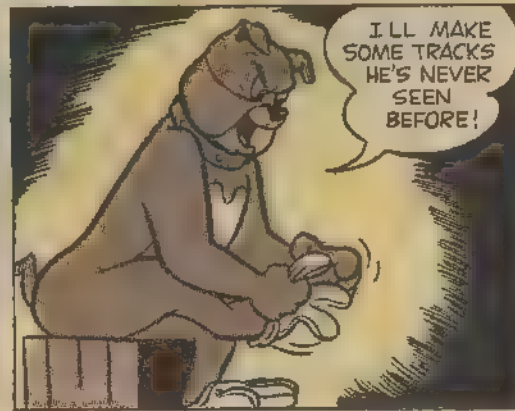
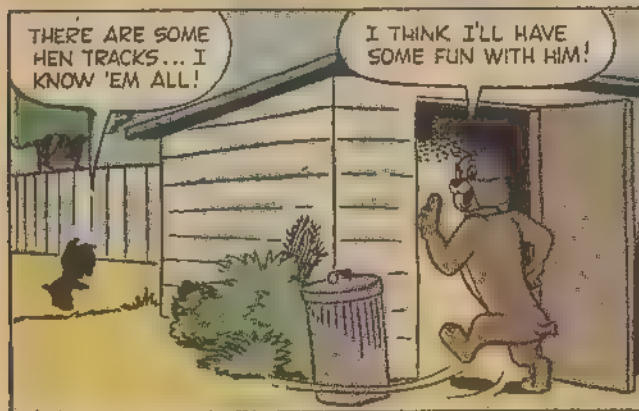
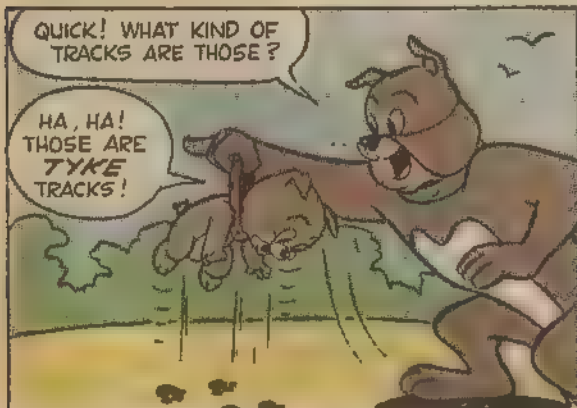
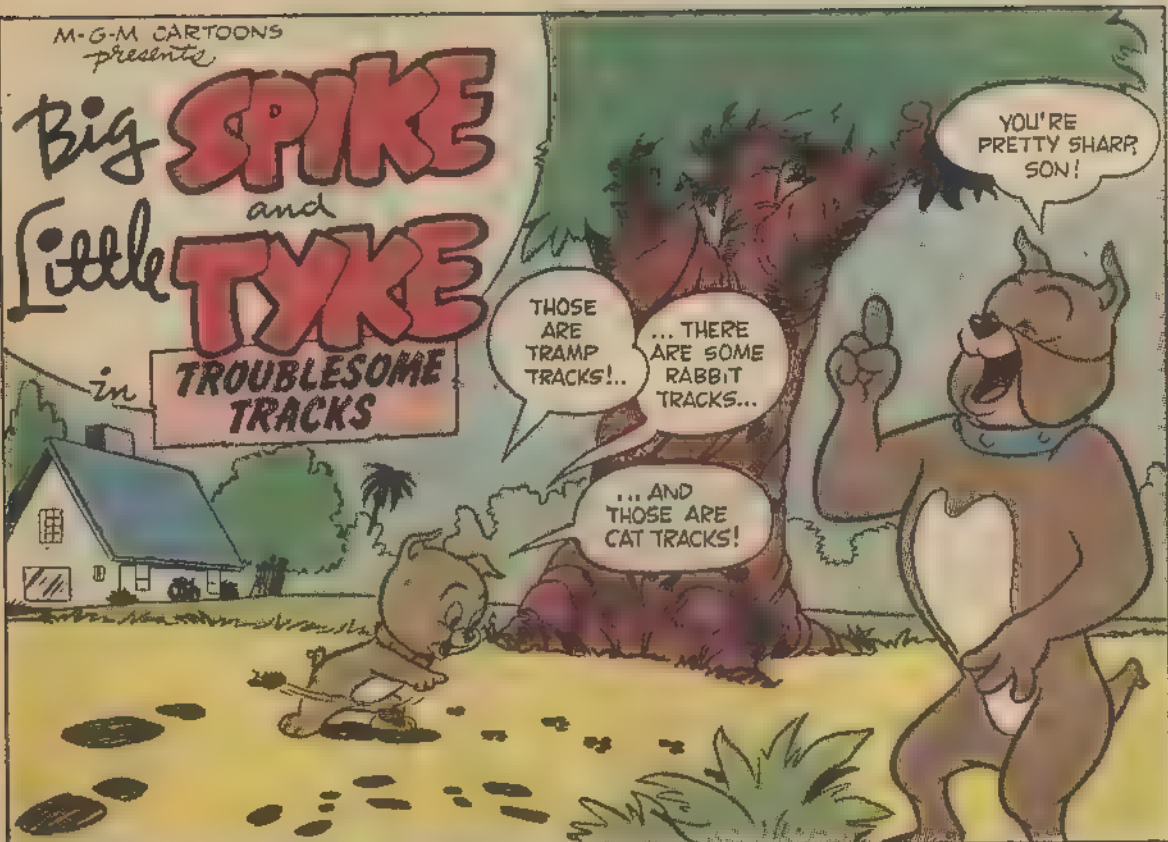




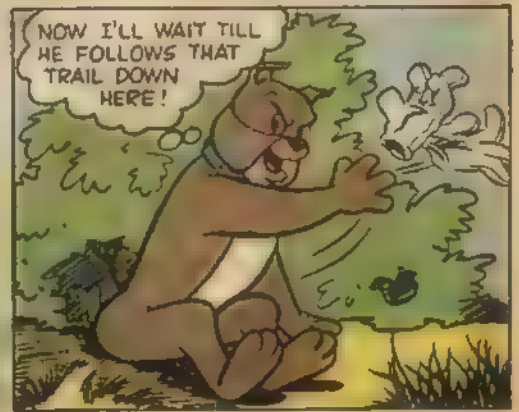
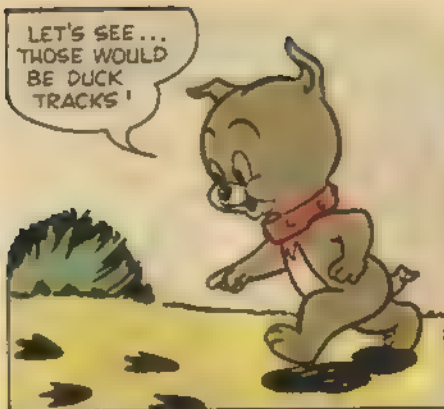


M-G-M CARTOONS  
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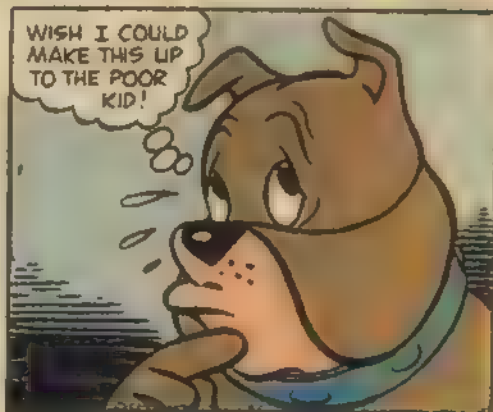
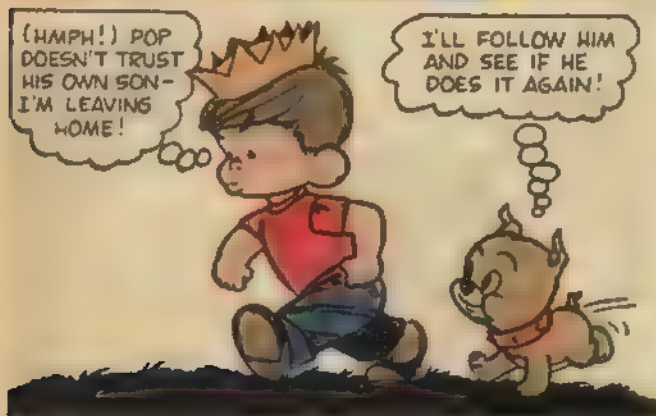
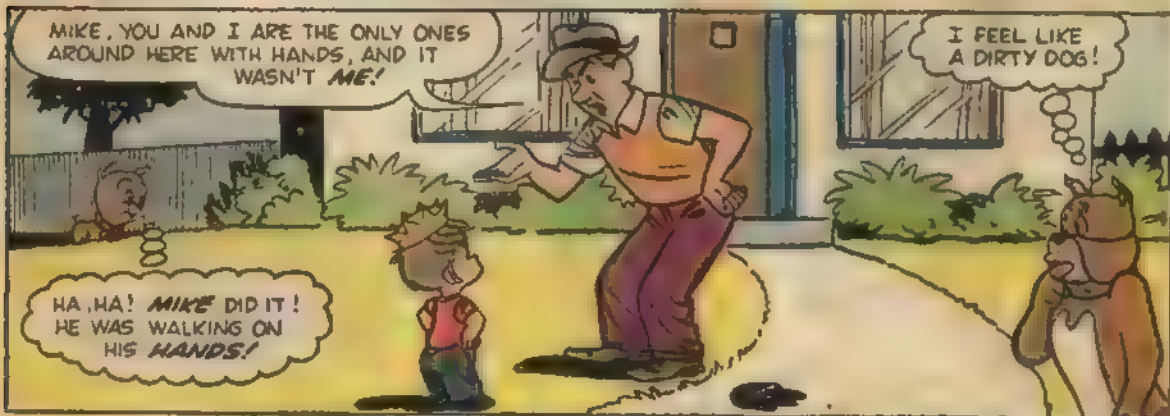
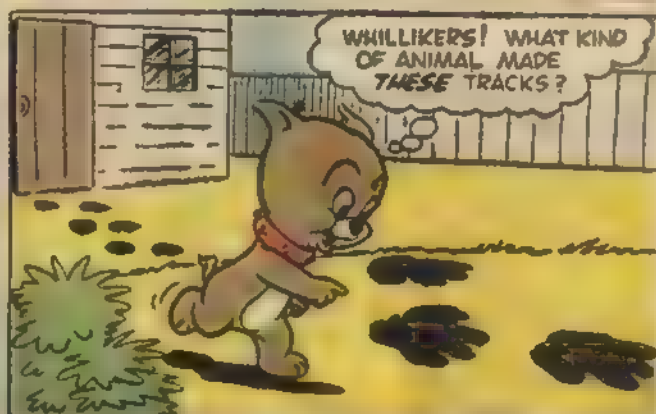
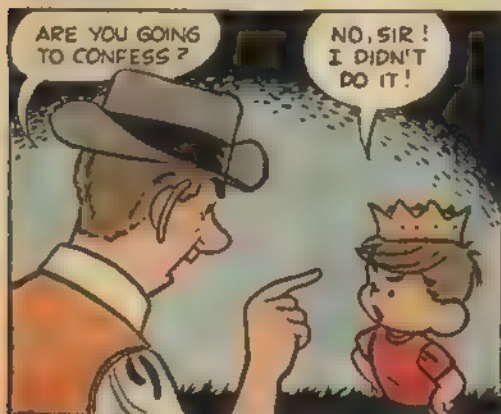
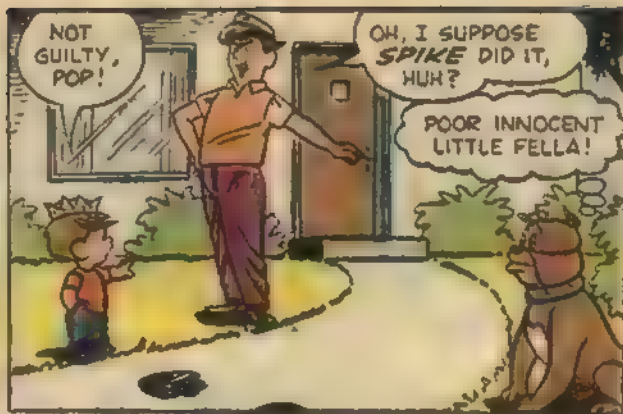
# Big **SPIKE** and Little **TYKE** in **TROUBLESOME TRACKS**



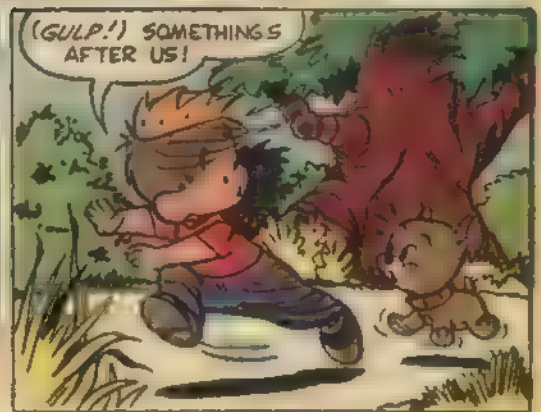
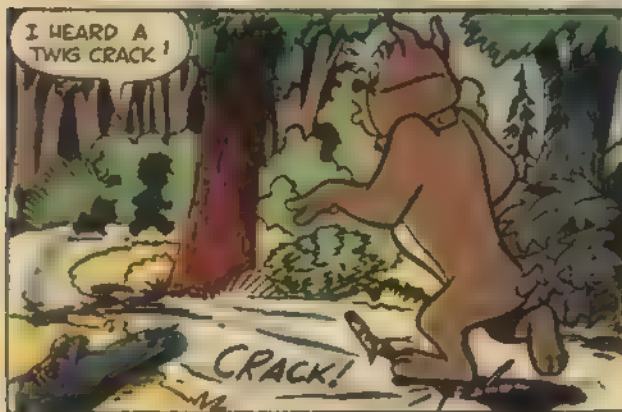




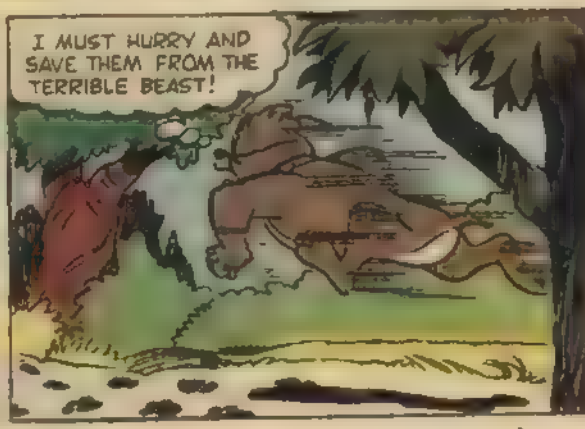
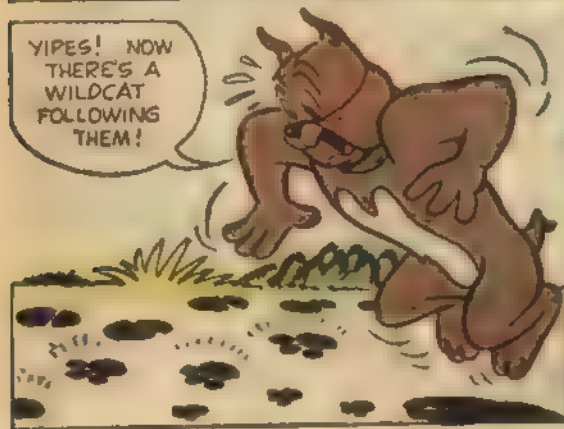
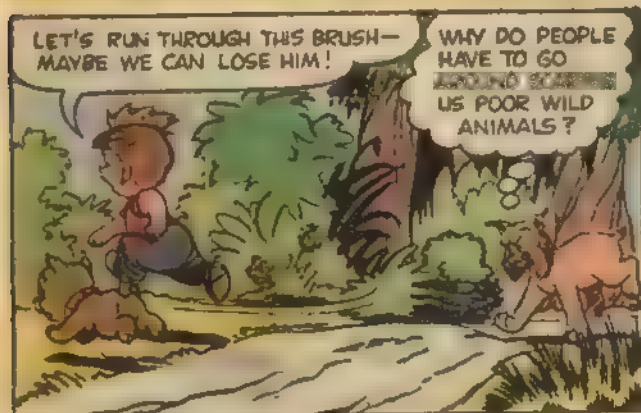
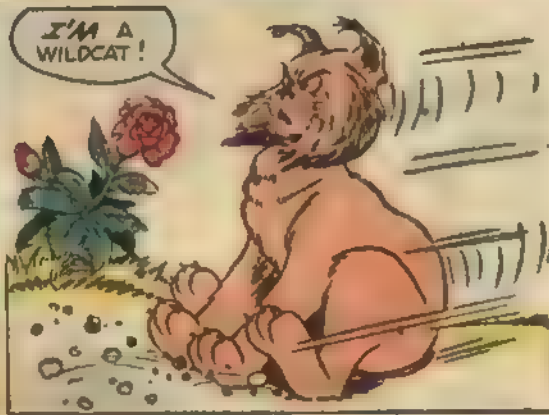
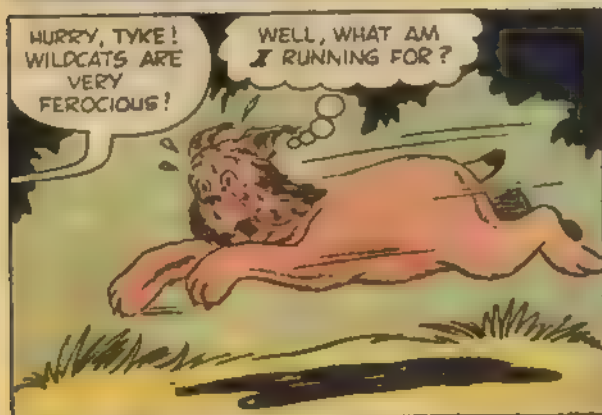
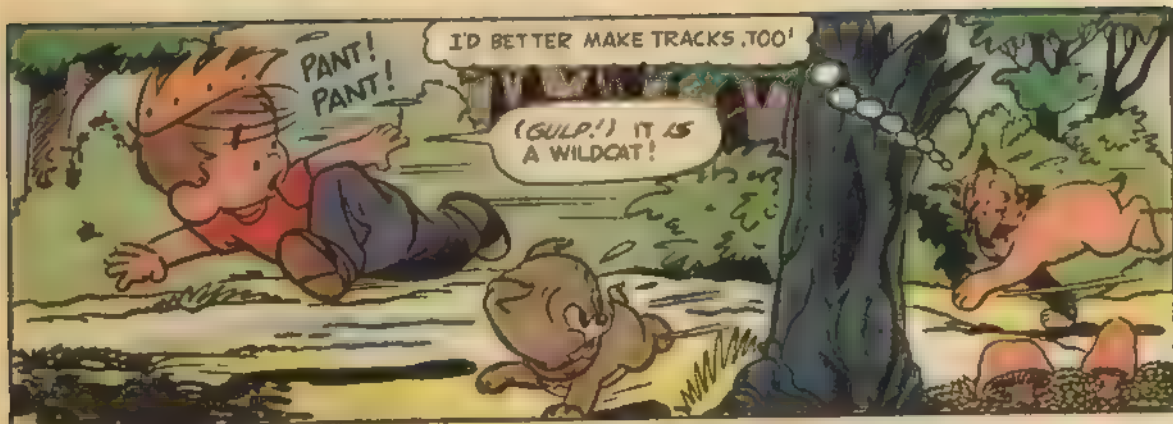




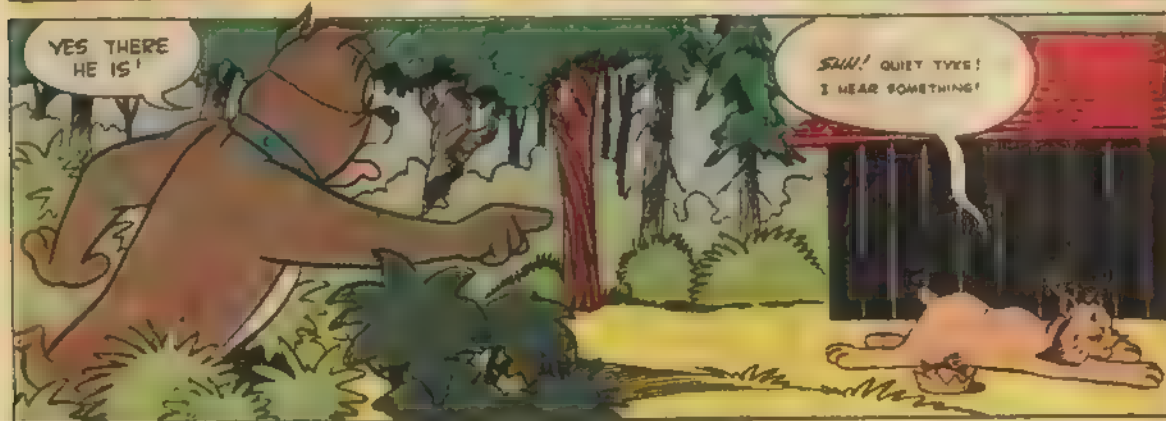
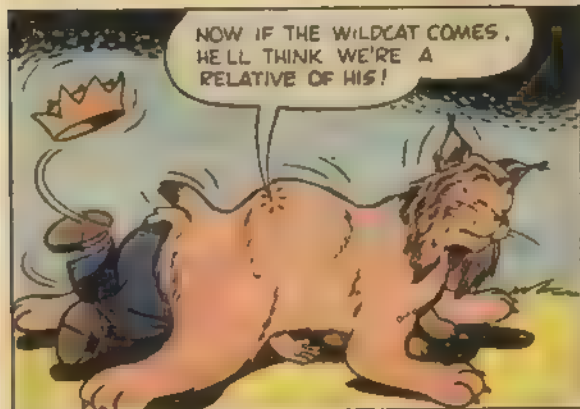
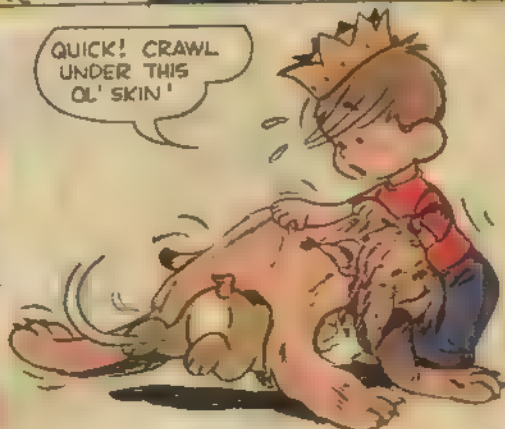
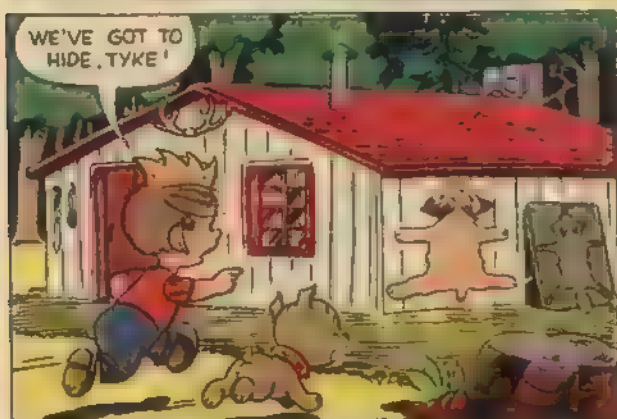
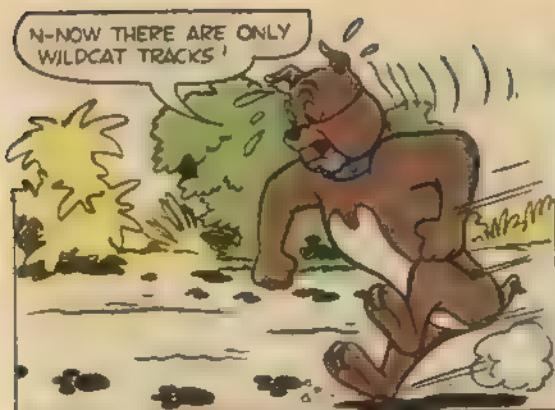




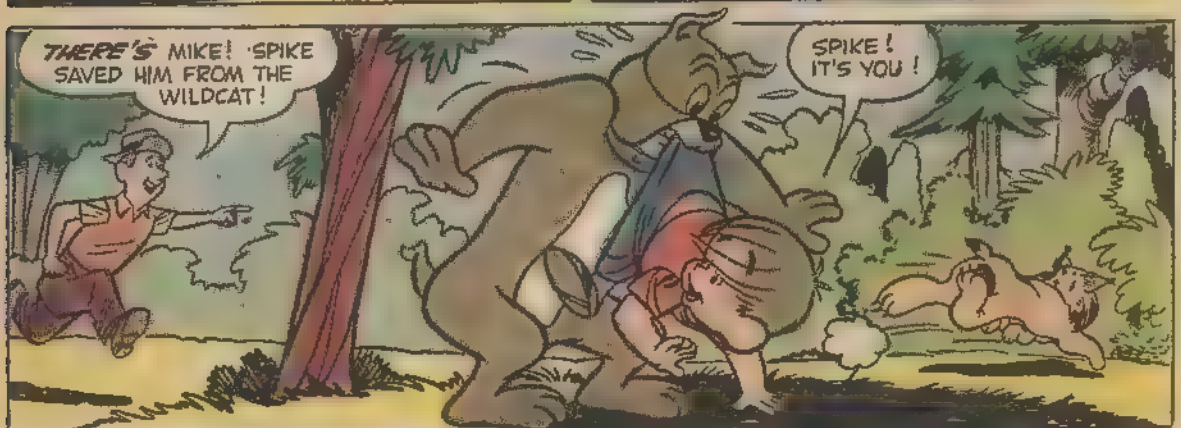
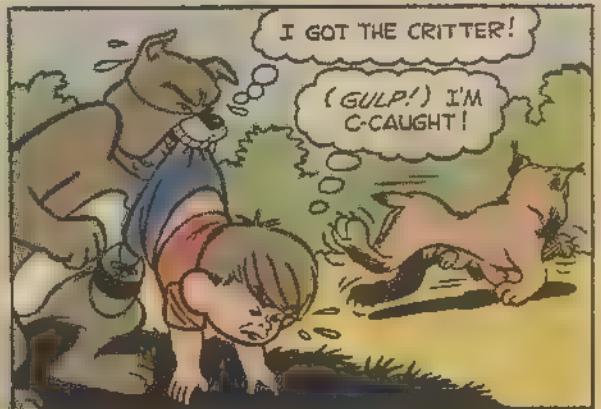
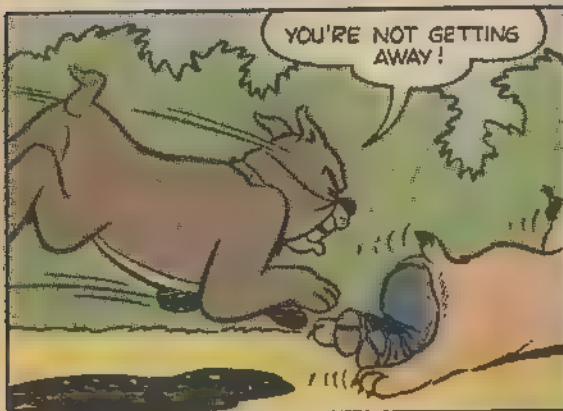
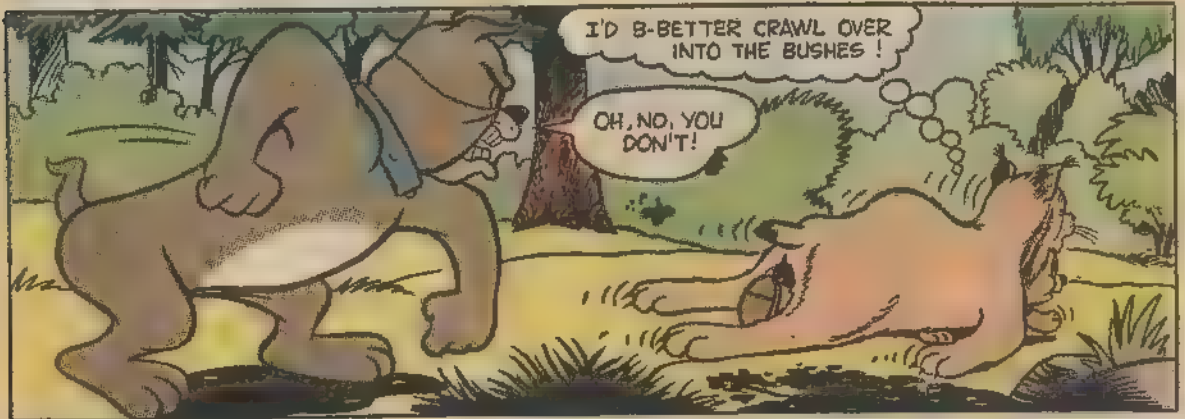
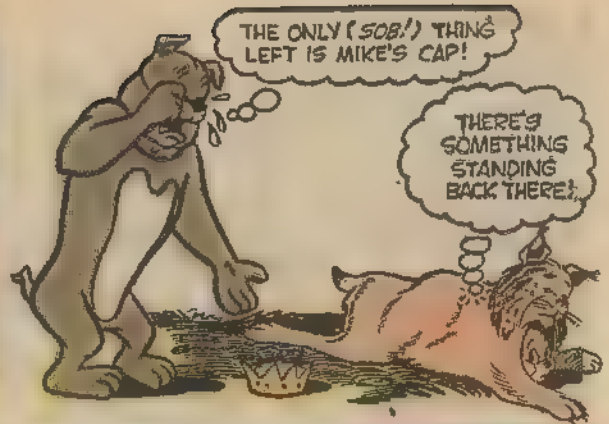
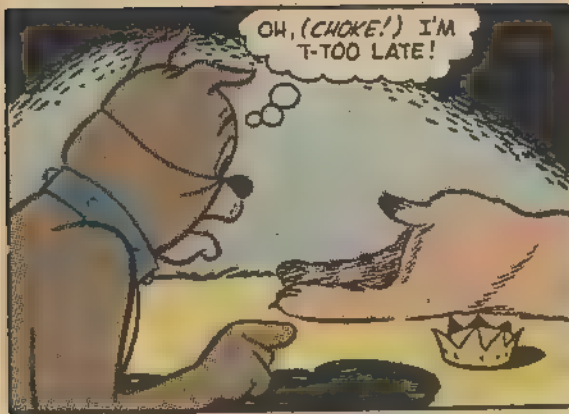




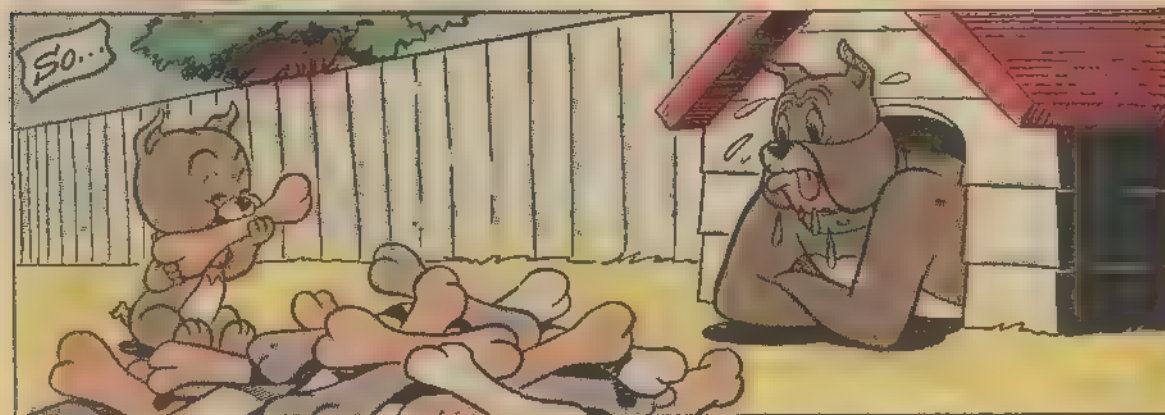
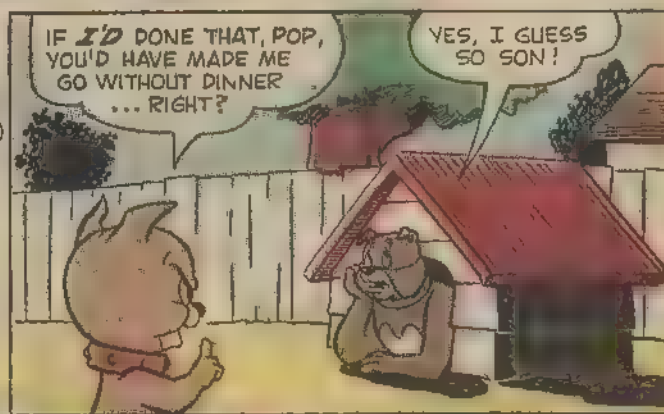
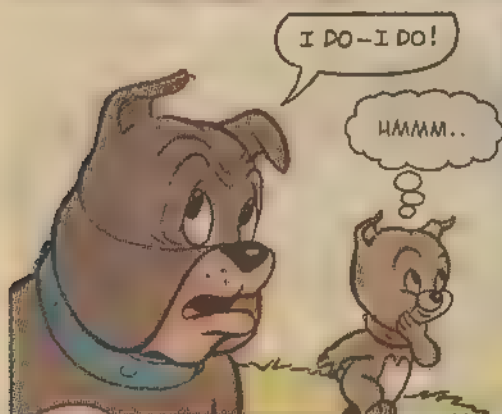
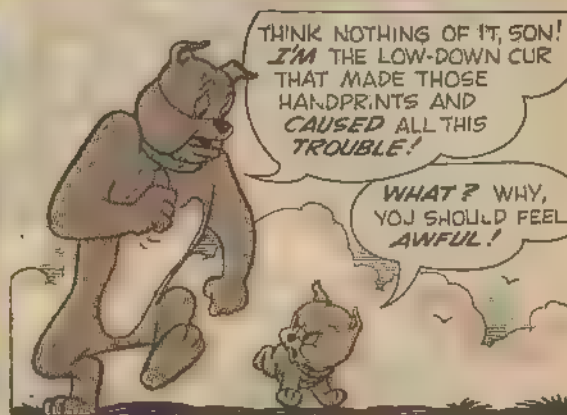
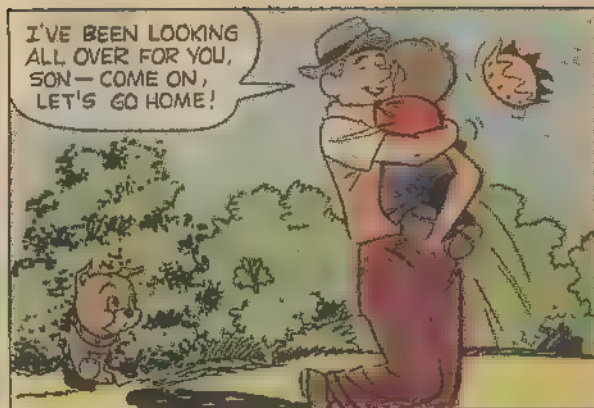










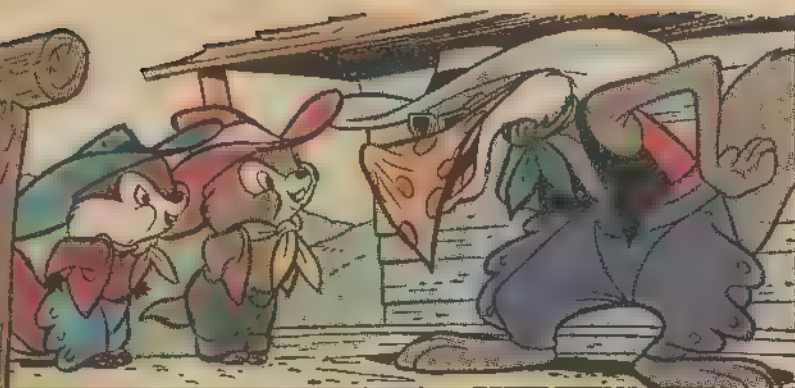




M-G-M CARTOONS

present

# the Real Hero



Wuff the Prairie Dog stared up at the big poster with large, wide eyes. "Imagine..." he breathed to his friend Sammy Squirrel. "Imagine a big movie star like Pinto Pete right here in town!"

Sammy bobbed his head excitedly. "I guess he's just about the bravest, rootin' tootin'est cowboy that ever was," he exclaimed admiringly. "I sure hope we get a peek at him while he's here!"

"Me, too," Wuff sighed. Then he leaned forward and read the poster more carefully. "Say," he cried, "we may get a chance to, at that! It says right here that he's due in the center of town at three-thirty, and it's after three now!"

Unknown to Wuff and Sammy, Charlie Coyote crouched behind a low wall nearby. "Aha!" Charlie cackled with glee. "They may see more of Pinto Pete than they expect if my disguise kit doesn't fail me." He smacked his lips hungrily as he reached for his cowboy gear. He pulled a big hat over his ears, tied a bandana kerchief over his nose, and donned a pair of dark glasses. "I'll have prairie dog and squirrel for dinner tonight for sure," he gloated. "Stewpot, here we come!" He stepped out from behind the wall and cleared his throat loudly. "Yippeel!" he shouted, trying to act as much like a cowboy as possible.

Wuff and Sammy swiveled their heads at the same time. "It's Pinto Pete!" Wuff exclaimed excitedly.

"It sure is," Sammy grinned. "Boy, are we ever in luck!"

Charlie Coyote strutted towards them trying hard to conceal his eagerness as he cackled under the kerchief. "Did someone call me?" he murmured, stepping up.

"It's just us," Wuff beamed with delight. "Two of your most faithful fans. I can't tell you how excited we are to finally see you in person!"

"Not nearly as excited," Charlie drooled, "as I am to see you! OOPS!" he added, tripping over his own feet. "It's these dark glasses," he muttered, fiercely.

"I get it," Wuff nodded knowingly. "You're incognito, aren't you?"

"I already told you who I am!" Charlie growled, trying hard to straighten the bandana which had started to slip as he stumbled. But then Charlie Coyote sweetened his voice to a sugary cunningness. "Come closer, little friends! Let Pinto Pete see what his fans really look like."

"Wait a minute!" Sammy yelled suddenly, his alarmed eyes riveted to the sliding kerchief. "That's not Pinto Pete at all! That's Charlie Coyote!"

"Oh, no!" Wuff groaned. "Come on, Sammy, let's run for it! Quick!"

The two friends raced off with Charlie in hot pursuit. But suddenly, their way was blocked by a cowboy who was coming toward them.

"Excuse me!" Wuff panted.

"Sorry!" Sammy breathed.

Before Pete could answer, Charlie flung himself at Wuff! "I've got you, prairie dog!" he roared. "Now for supper!"

But Wuff slipped through his grasp, and Charlie clutched at Pinto Pete, instead! A moment later, Charlie went sailing through the air, as Pete tossed him aside. "What happened?" whined the coyote.

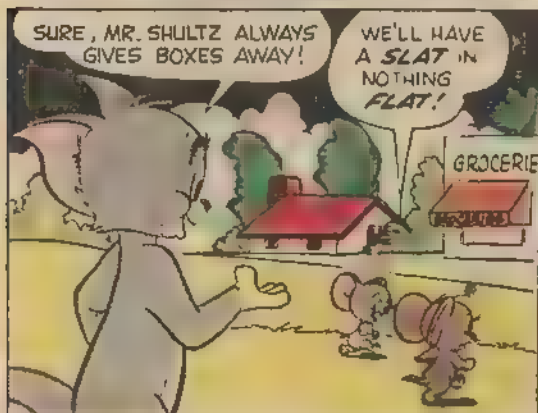
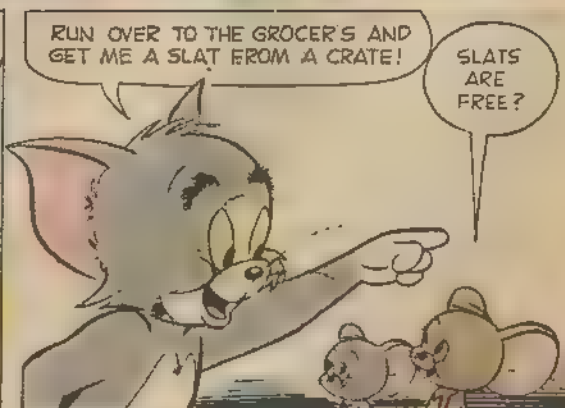
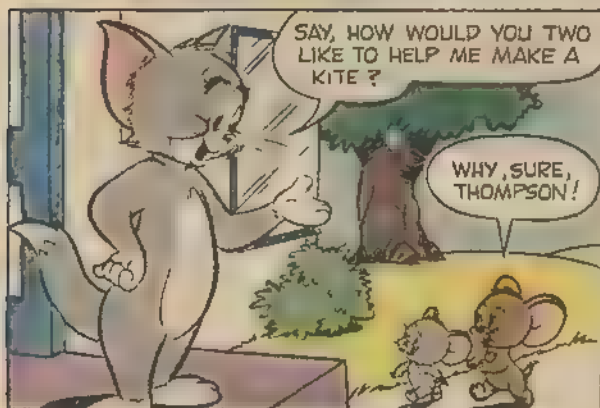
Wuff giggled. "This time you got yourself in a stew, Charlie!" And he and Sammy joined their real hero, Pinto Pete.



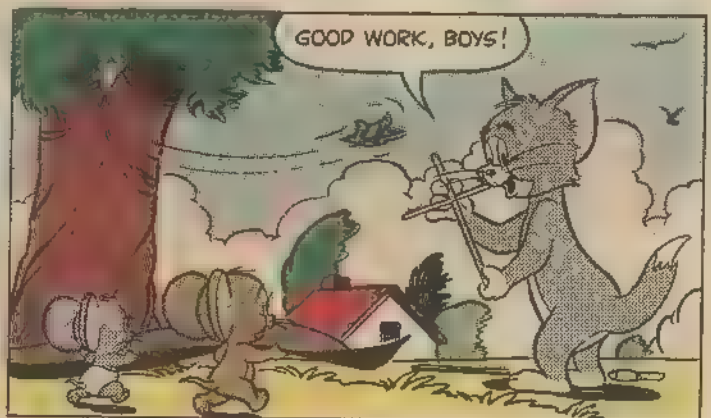
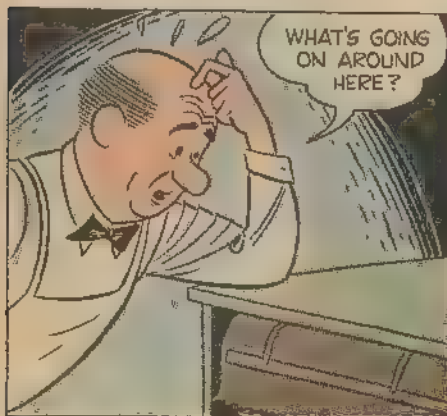
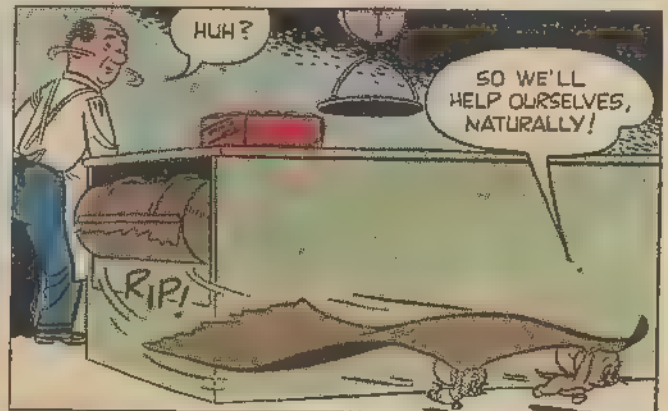
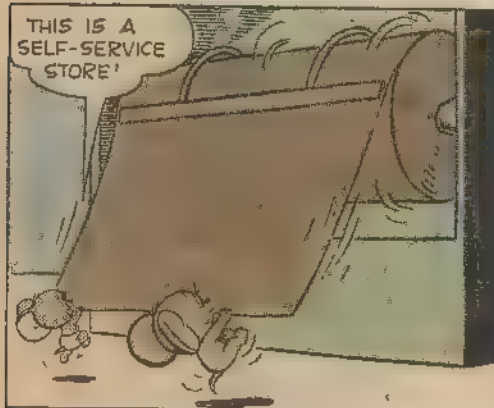
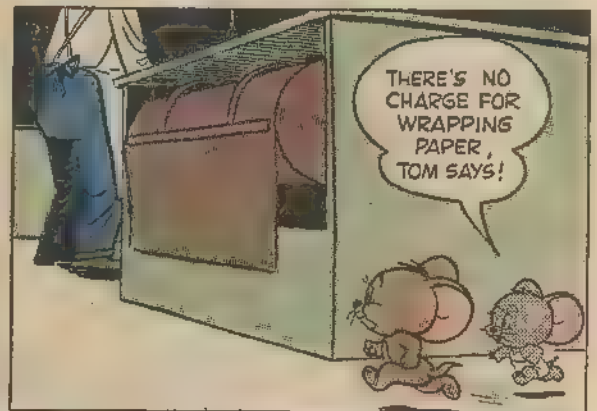
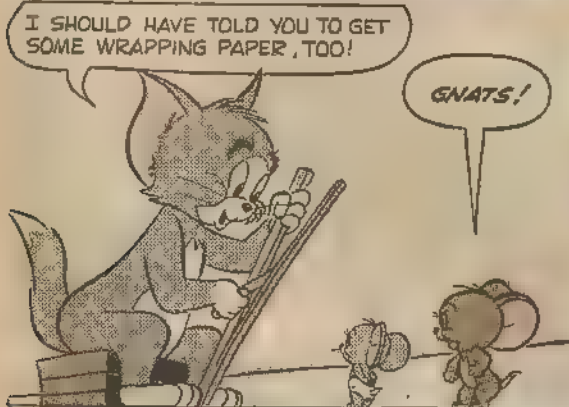
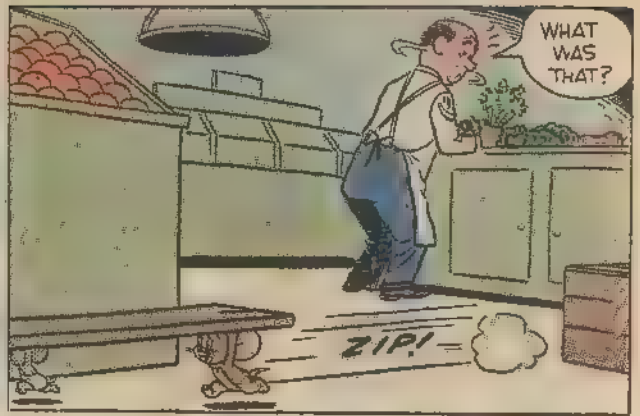
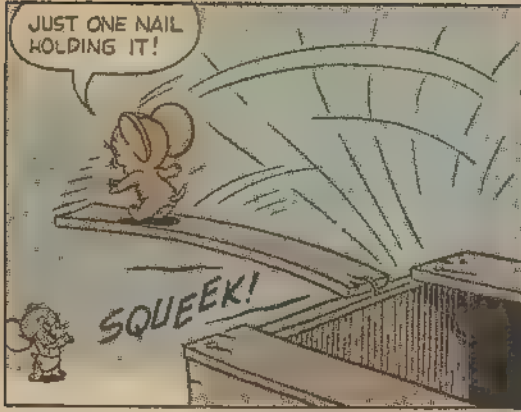
M-G-M CARTOONS  
*presents*

# TOM and JERRY

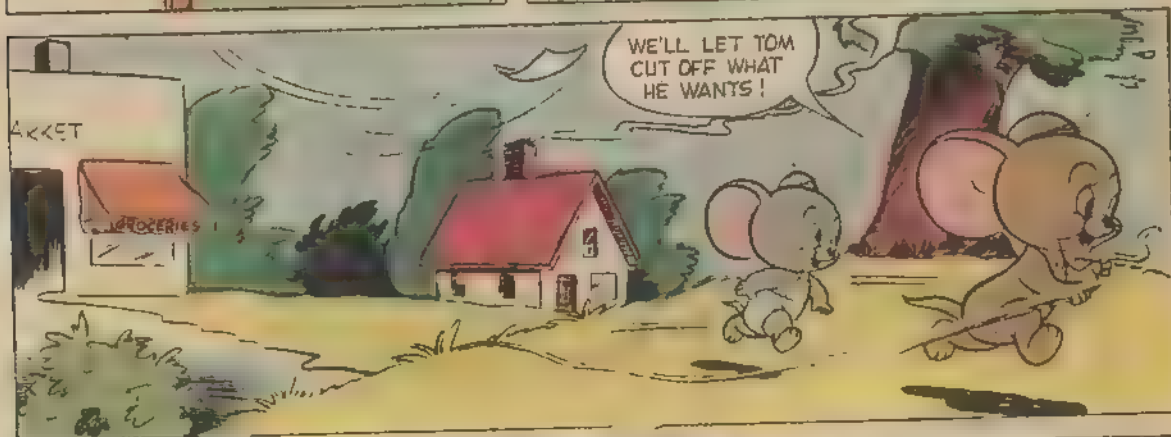
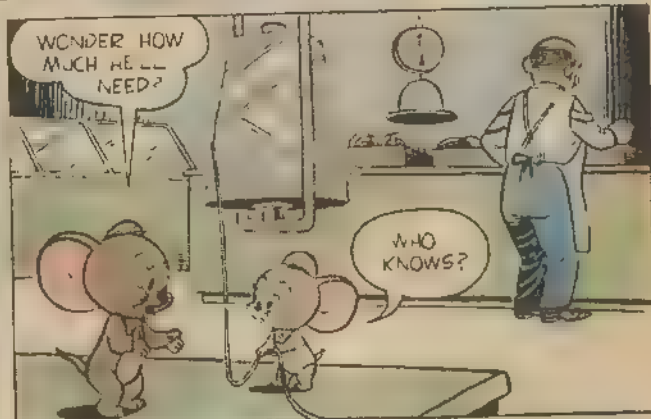
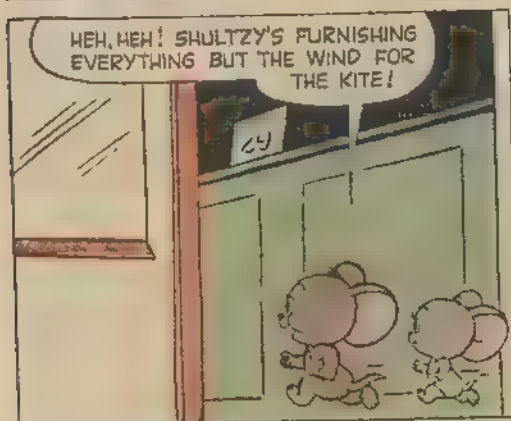
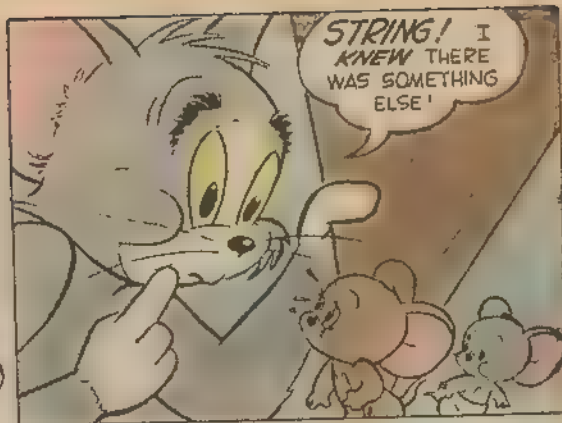
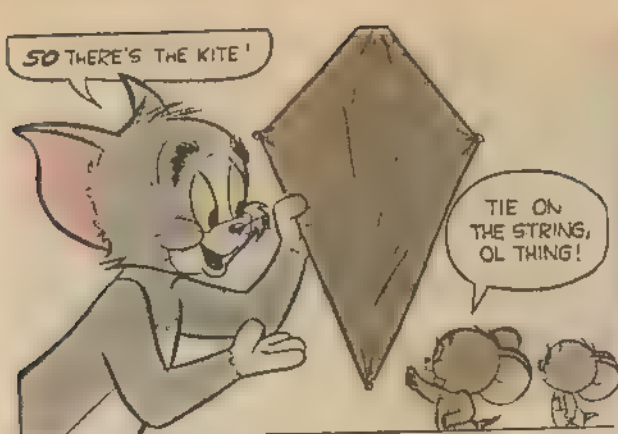
in **STRINGING ALONE**

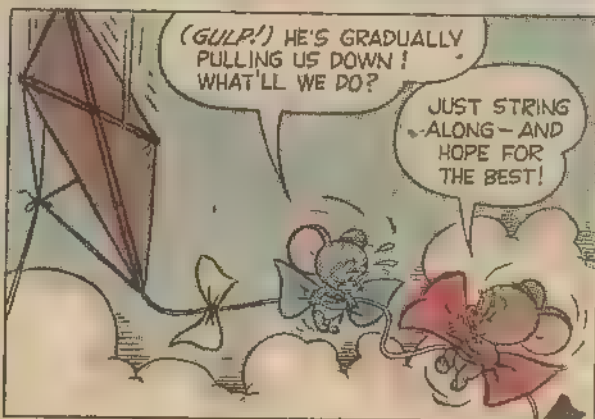
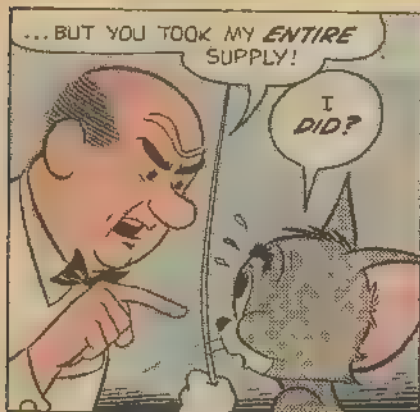
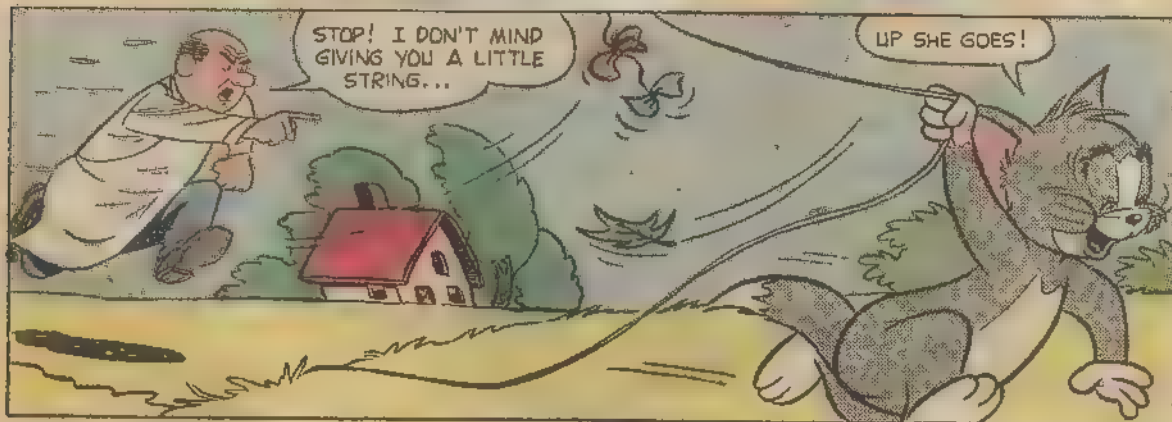
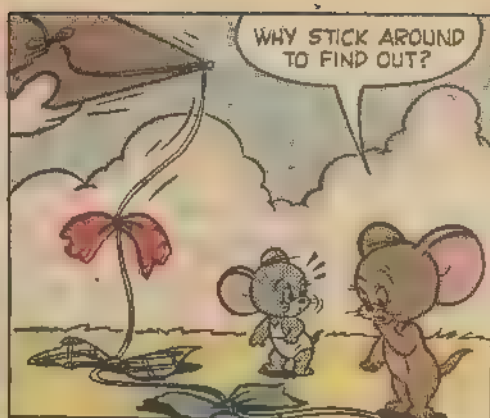
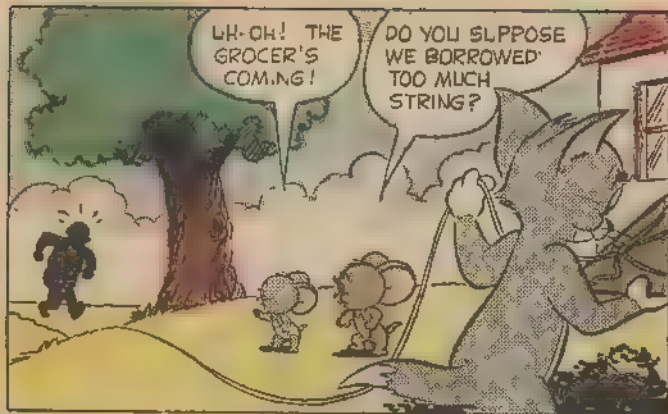










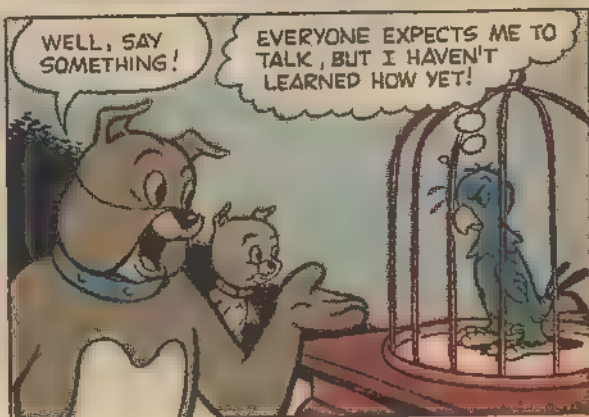
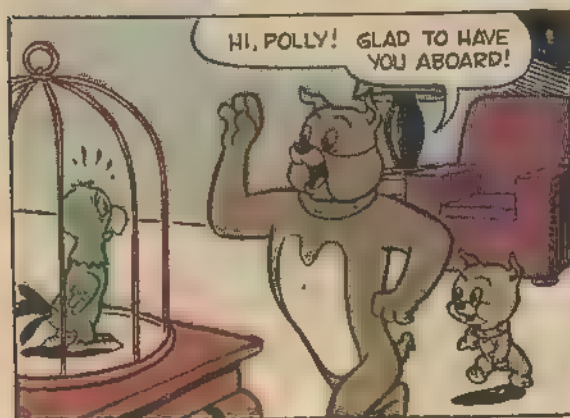
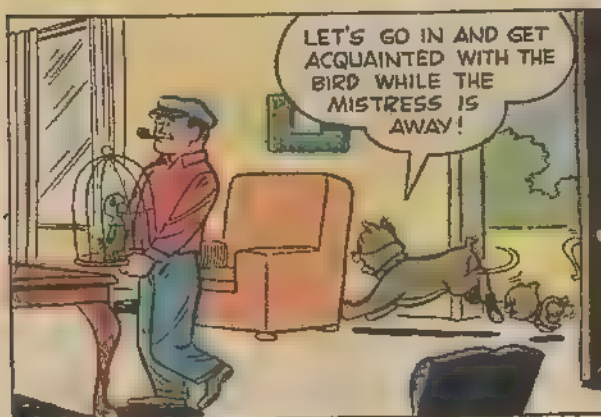


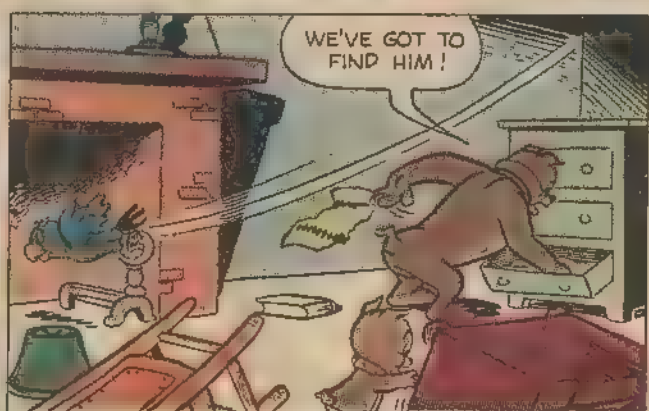
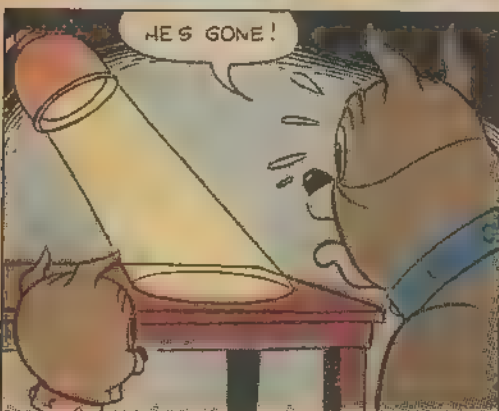
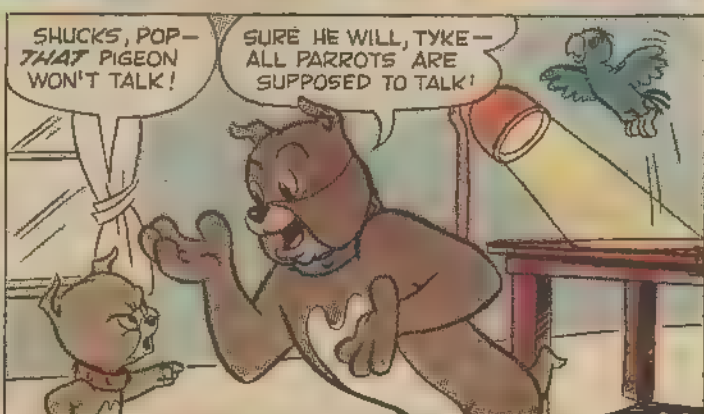
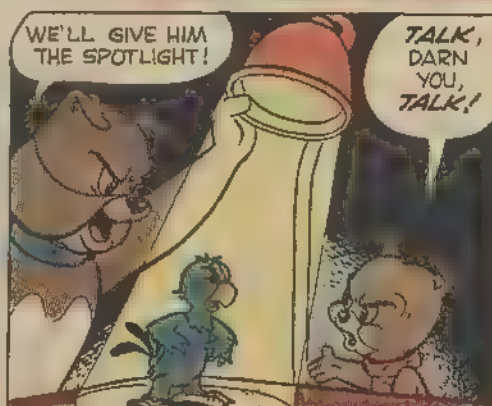
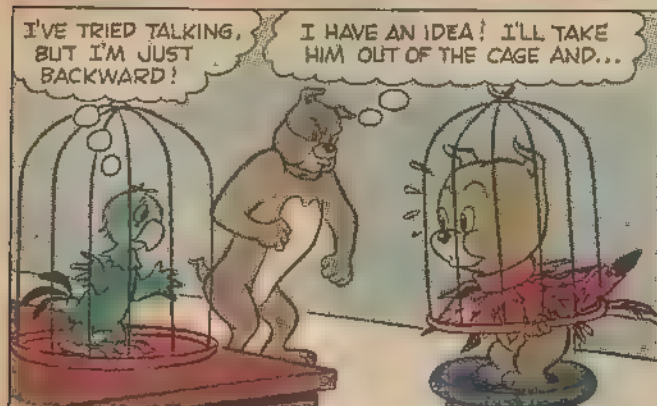
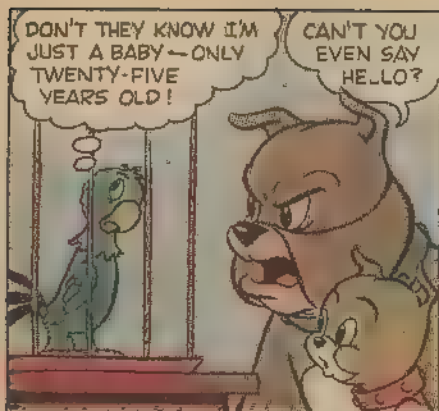


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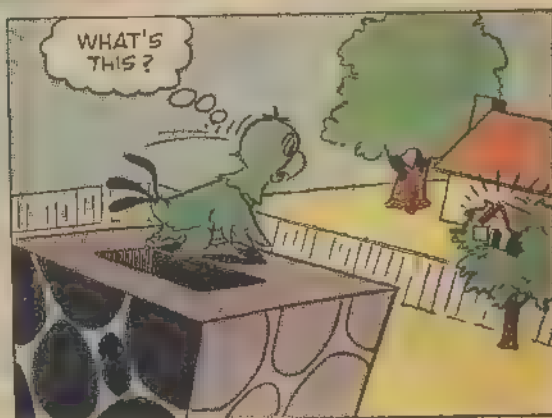
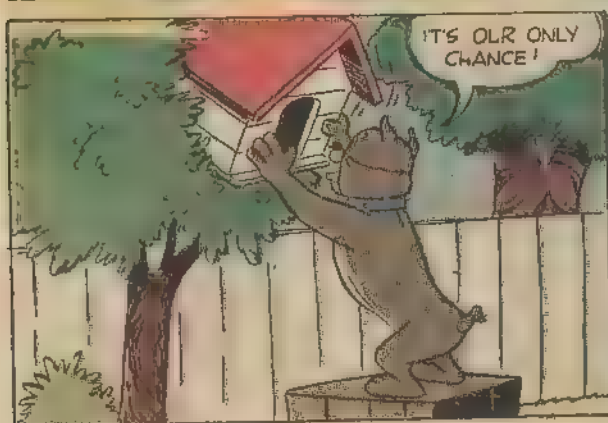
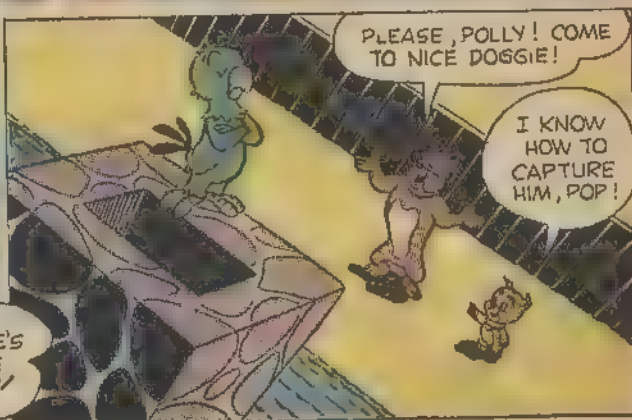
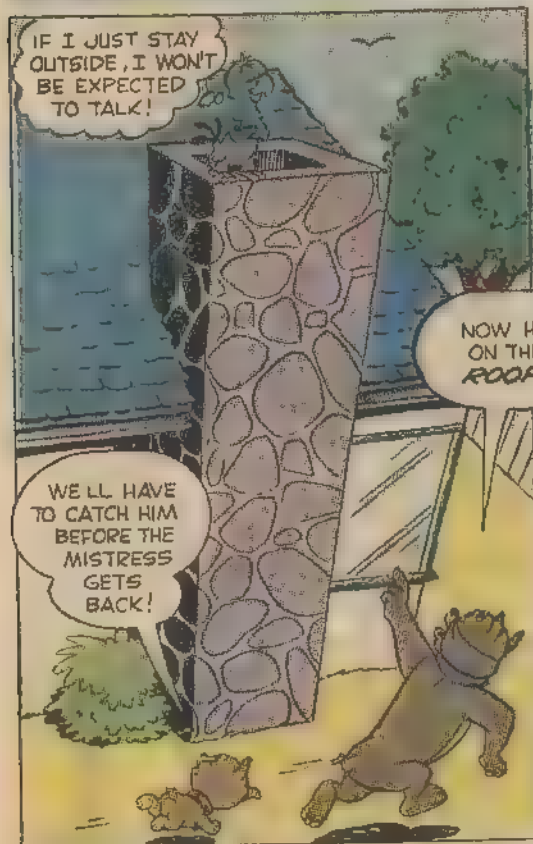
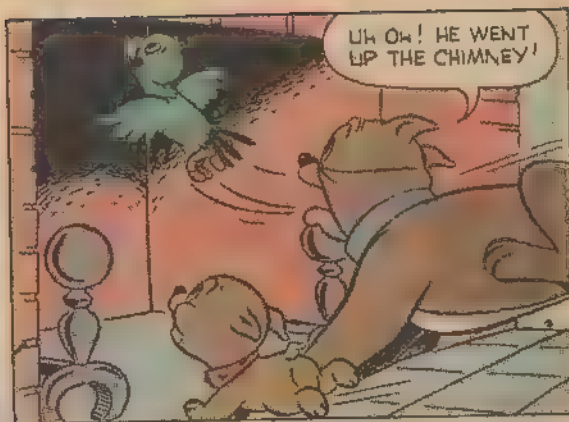
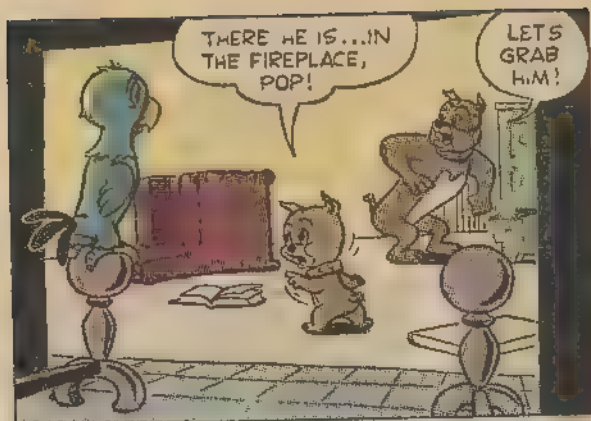
# Big SPIKE and Little TYKE

And the  
**TELLTALE  
PARROT**

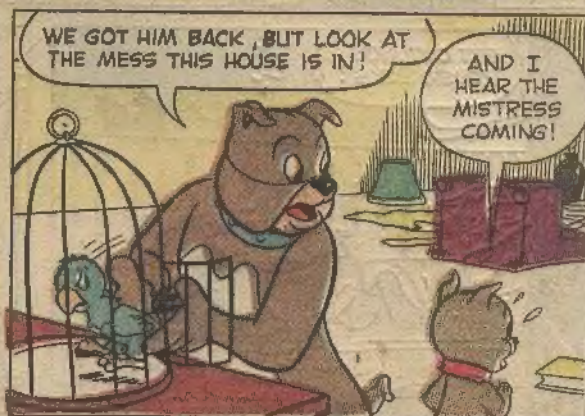
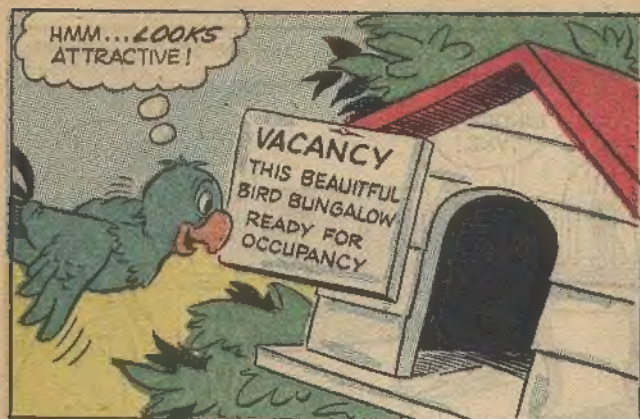












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1. The names and addresses of the publisher, editor, managing editor, and business managers are: Publisher, George T. Delacorte, Jr., 261 Fifth Avenue, New York 16, N. Y.; Editor, Helen Meyer, 261 Fifth Avenue, New York 16, N. Y.; Managing editor, None; Business manager, Helen Meyer, 261 Fifth Avenue, New York 16, N. Y.

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3. The known bondholders, mortgagees, and other security holders owning or holding 1 per cent or more of

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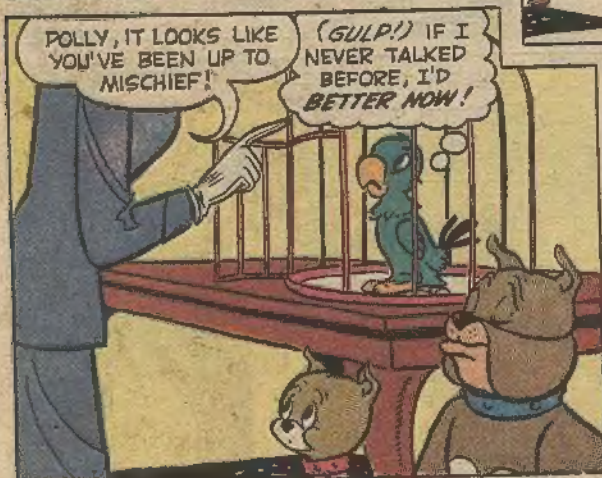
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(Signed) HELEN MEYER  
Business Manager

Sworn to and subscribed before me this 19th day of September, 1956

JOHN C. WEBER  
(Seal) (My Commission Expires March 30, 1958)





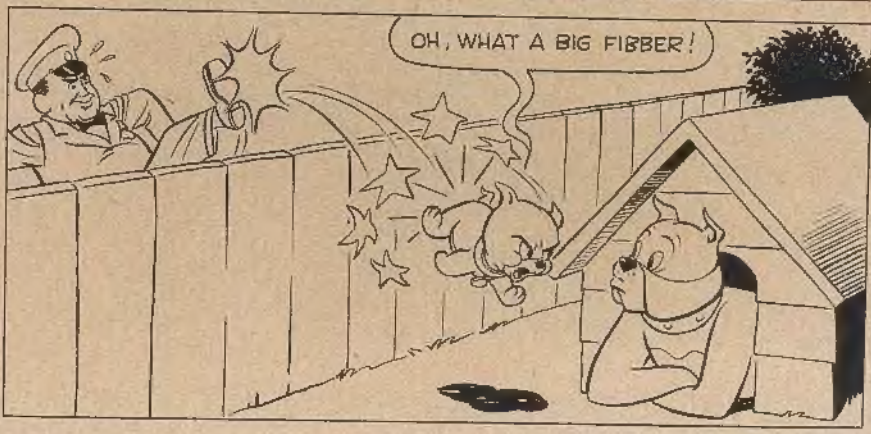
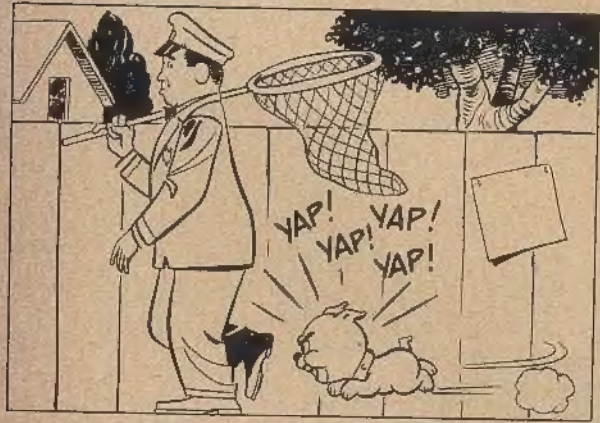
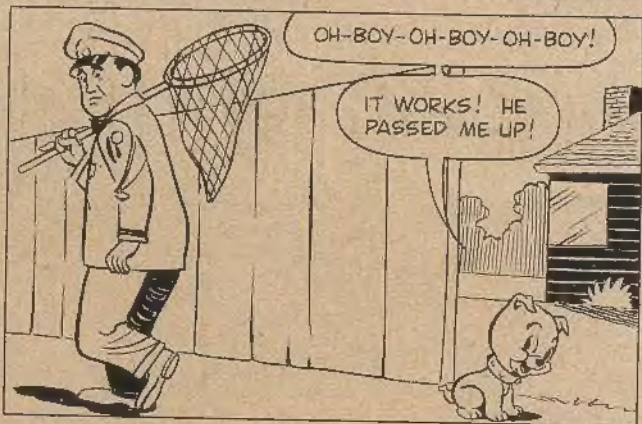
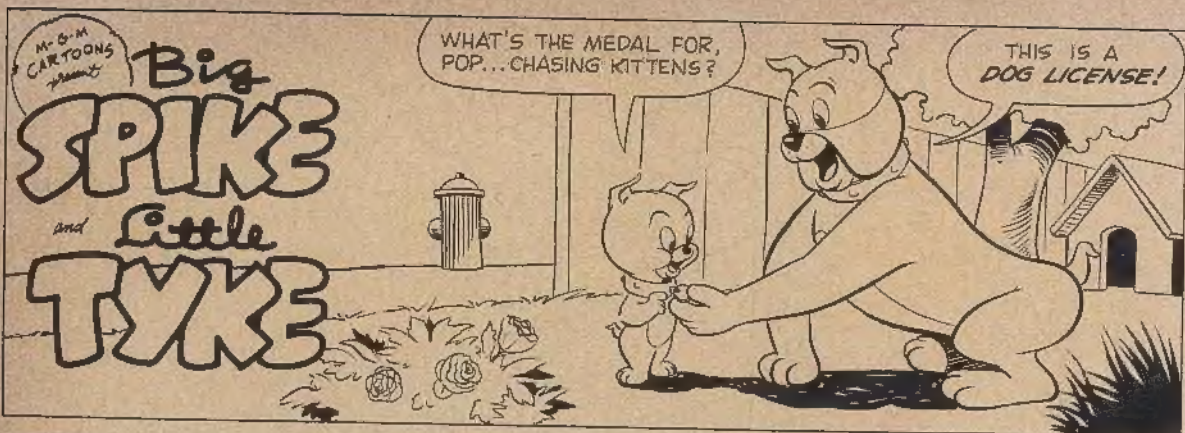
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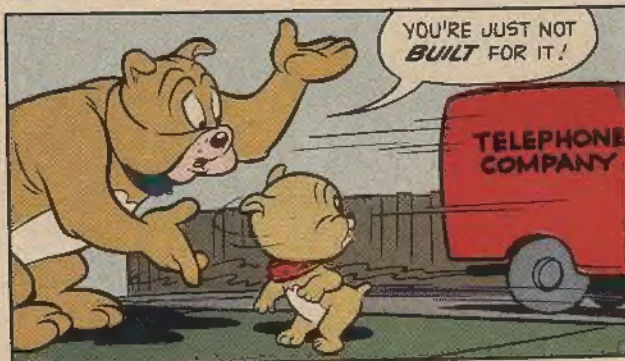
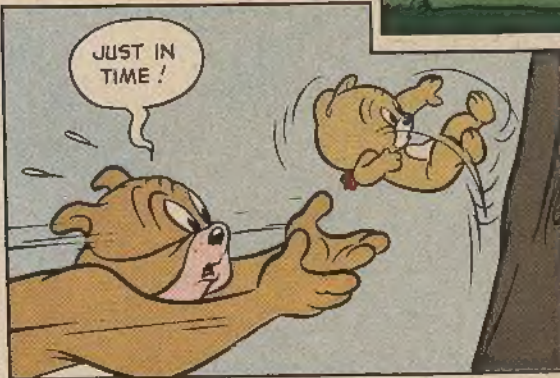
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